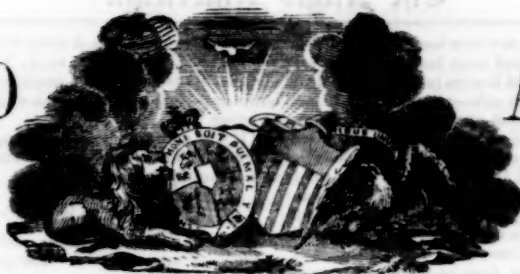


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EVENING.

Oh! beautiful at dawn of day
Is morning's earliest beam,
When earth is waking, bright and gay,
From midnight's curtained dream
The wild bird's song is glad and sweet
Among the leafy trees,
The bright young flowers the sun light greet,
And woo the summer breeze;
And music, light, and beauty meet, those morning hours to bless,
And stir, within the spirit's depths, a sense of happiness.

But sweeter far the starry skies
Of evening's pensive hour,
When hopes, and joys, and memories,
Awake their magic power;
When all around soft moonlight sleeps,
In dreamy stillness blest;
When slumbering Earth rapt silence keeps,
And passion is at rest—

Oh! then there comes upon the heart a happiness too deep,
Too full of tenderness for smiles—and we can only weep.

The joy that comes on morning's wings
With mirth and smiles is gay,
But the sweet tears that evening brings
Are dearer far than they;
Gay laughter, which the light one cheers,
Abideth with the light—
The blessedness of happy hours
Comes ever with the night;

The day's bright hours for earthly joys, and earthly cares, are given—
The shadows of the evening bring sweet dreams of Love and Heaven.
New York, Sept. 1844. L.

VENICE IN 1844.

A marked difference in the appearance of Venice must strike any traveller who has visited the city even six years ago: more vessels appear in the port, throwing up their light spars and curving lateen yards against the elegant tower of the custom-house or the picturesque palaces and domes of the stately Queen of the Adriatic. A whole fleet of galleys is seen in the hazy distance—no longer indeed returning from the conquest of the Morea, or the glorious combats of Cyprus or Candia, but waging a war against the very elements, for the sake of "old Venice;" they are carrying out and dropping stones at the breakwater of Maxomoco, which was begun some fourteen years since (when Venice was declared a free port), and is now very far advanced. On the other side of the city, four or five miles of gracefully curved arches unite the aquatic capitol to the main-land—not for such a purpose as Alexander joined Tyre to the continent, or Xerxes attempted to affix the island of Salamis to Attica, but to pour the young blood of commerce, trade, and daily life into the heart of time-honoured Venice, that it may mantle on her wrinkled cheeks, and renew the vigour of her limbs, stiff with long repose, like the transfusion of blood from an infant to an octogenarian. Another year may suffice to complete the railroad from Venice to Milan, already traversed by engines and trains from the shore to Padua, and soon to be laid down over the above-mentioned arches. Instead of the Bucentaur, "1st, 2nd and 3d class boats" are seen by the quays of the Doge's palace; and hundreds of gay Venetians hurry to exchange the languid smiles of the Nereids for the embraces of the Volcanian Cyclops, "The Antenor," or "The Galileo," and are borne in their mighty arms to the schools of Padua. Thus is taught a more practical lesson of life in an hour than the learned professors have produced in the last century. Nor does the famous Piazza di San Marco, with its undying and almost unscathed relics of the past, refuse to give signs of the modern movement. Reparations are going on in the façade of the palace and cathedral, and a number of new silver lamps adorn the Madonna di San Marco. As evening closes, hundreds are to be found reclining to take their ice and their coffee beneath the deep shades of these beautiful arcades, while the regimental bands (of no less than fifty) perform, exquisitely, selections from the best operas, to a critical audience. When the stars become visible, the Promethean spark is rapidly applied to the numerous lamps, and the whole scene is brilliantly lighted with gas; on festal, three or four enormous candelabra are erected down the middle of the Piazza, and spread the magic light as if with an enchanter's hand, over the quaint clock-tower, the huge campanile, the cathedral, the column of the Banda, and all the lofty façades of this piazza of piazzas.

One of the immediate results of the railroad will be the introduction of water by pipes into the city, an immense blessing, when it is considered that it is even to this day brought in tanks by barges, and paid dearly for; only a very few wells being open to the poor. Many of the churches are undergoing repair, as well as some other public buildings, at the public expense. The Duchesse de Berri has taken one of the finest of the ancient palazzos on the Canal Grande, and several others are said to be newly occupied. But, notwithstanding, the greater number of ancient families are driven for ever from their once princely abodes, or compelled to abandon them to decay: it is not a little surprising that none seem to have fallen, and that on such a foundation, the neglected walls should not have perished from damp. Among the noblest of the more ancient palaces is that of the Foscari; at the angle of the Grand Canal it commands a double view; and its quaint, but grand façade and balconies,

its finely worked arabesque windows and pointed arches, give it an air of grotesque antiquity, which reminds one of a faded dowager of the last century, in her diamonds, lappets, and hoop. In a remote chamber of this palace live, or rather sleep (like the nautilus in his shell floating helplessly on the waters), two noble ladies, its possessors, the last of their house—Laura and Marianna dei Foscari. We were told it was rather a compliment than an impertinence to visit them; and under the guidance of one of their acquaintances, we landed from our gondola at the once hospitable door of the Foscari. Dirt, coals, and fragments of wood and stone showed to what base uses the noble hall had been applied; and the court beyond, once a gay "pleasure," was filled with blocks of hewn and unhewn stone; tangled grass and weeds were growing from the pavement, and clothes drying on lines from the windows above. The dimensions of the hall (at least 100 feet long), its handsome roof and cornices, with the ornamented architraves of its various doors, and the bold and varied iron-work across the windows, still speak of better days. We ascended a now filthy marble staircase, and entered a second hall of the same dimensions, of an L shape, 100 feet and 50 or 60 feet long: at each end is a noble window and balcony; the one in front looks upon the canal, and is large enough to contain 50 or 60 persons; the wide marble balustrade is worn round by the fair arms and stout hands which for ages have rested on it. There at all the pageants of Venice have stood the Foscari, "the observed of all observers;" themselves no mean part of the stately spectacles they beheld. From hence must the family of the Great Foscari have witnessed his triumphant procession as Doge, sitting beneath the canopy of gold on the deck of the Bucentaur; little could they dream of the end of that office, to which he was hailed by the acclamations of all the seigneurs of Venice. In this hall were sovereigns, for two centuries at least: nor were any festal in Venice more brilliant and more honoured, than those here celebrated. Near the lofty portals of the apartments opening to the hall, and entered from it between supporting angels or geni, are tablets with inscriptions, recording the visits of royal and illustrious guests, as John of Denmark, &c., and the names of the Foscari, their hosts. Of all the gay and joyous crowds of the brave, the fair, and the rich—of all the trains of menials who served them, one only representative remained; by the open window, enjoying the breeze from the canal, and looking askance through the balustrade on its melancholy waters, sat the one servant of the house—herself a very type of its misfortunes; she was old and half blind, and had replaced a lost limb by a wooden leg; but she was nevertheless industriously working for the Ladies, and sat apart in the dilapidated old hall, to leave them their chamber, with all due respect. After opening several doors, and retreating from a third story inhabited by washerwomen, and a variety of non-descripts in separate apartments, our introducer led us to the kitchen of the Ladies. It had once been a handsome saloon, with marble chimney-piece, gilded cornices, &c., and on one side still hung an enormous picture, in the lower part of which (below the scriptural subject) were introduced the portly figures of three noble Foscari, for which reason probably it was still preserved, though stripped too of its frame. Round the walls hung kitchen utensils, sausages, &c., while a few articles of once elegant furniture filled the room; and on a walnut table in the centre, lay a quantity of French beans which a dirty urchin had just brought from the market. A good-looking man here received us, whom we were told was the son of an old retainer of the family, and had solemnly promised his parent to protect its last remains. He greeted our companion, laid down his cook's knife, and soon introduced us to the Ladies, who were in an inner apartment. Madame Laura rose to receive us, but her sister was too infirm to leave her seat; and we sat down on a chest and a chair from the kitchen to contemplate the last of the Foscari—the "two Foscari" of 1844. They appeared between 70 and 80 years of age (if indeed the hard and shrivelled form of an Italian woman admits of any distinction after 70). They were very plainly dressed, and the few grey hairs of the elder peeped from beneath the common Venetian veil, while those of the younger were uncovered; both spoke somewhat cheerfully, like those who have long submitted to their hard lot, and as if respect for their great family and its magnificence (now among the things that are not) must be a feeling common to all the world, and therefore needing no effort to maintain it. They complained not, for they had been rudely taught by the world that complaint was long since in vain; they boasted not, for why boast of what was evident? they affected neither pride, humility, nor piety, but simply took things as they were, without apology. The elder said she never left the room in a sirocco (which was then blowing), and the younger, that she liked to walk in the Sala Grande—poor women! Of all the retainers of the Foscari, their one-legged old abigail alone was left; and the dirt, stones, and ruins at the great hall door were greater obstacles than they could encounter alone, without danger. Our mutual friend had given an artist an order to sketch the ladies' chamber, and this gave occasion to examine and remark on it. The only entrance used was the one through the before-mentioned kitchen. Over this and the other doors were high mouldings and pediments, which, with a rich chimney piece, set off the lofty proportions of the room, which was about thirty feet square. A wide bed, without hangings, stood against the farther side, and over this, two enormous black giants in alto relievo stretched their huge limbs against the wall from floor to ceiling. One would have thought the old ladies would have been frightened by such gloomy looking Anakim; but it was probably for the sake of these very giants they had selected this chamber, for these silent champions challenged all the world to disprove the truth of one of the glories of the house of Foscari. They held between them a portrait of a quiet-looking red-faced gentleman, and a gilt scroll recorded that this gentleman was his Majesty of Denmark, and that he had slept in this very chamber.—nay, we were led to believe, in this very bed. For the rest, the royal dormitory was now most poorly furnished with a chest and a couple of old tables, whose lacquered legs looked as poverty-stricken as the rest of the palace. But though used for all purposes, there was a

degree of careless neatness and order about it; a few torn books were piled in a corner, and on an old wardrobe stood a dilapidated toilet box, with some broken apparatus in it, and a little vase full of faded flowers (even this too dear for an every-day luxury) carefully placed on each side—alas! the Laura and Marianna who had inherited it, little needed a toilet now. Even la Biondina in Gondolotto, for fifty years a reigning beauty, is no more. The masks and carnivals and operas of Venice (such as they are now) are as far from them as if they had been living among the holy virgins of Upper Egypt. We retired with befitting compliments, and the old retainer's son showed us through a number of rooms, in a greater or less state of dilapidation. Some had lost all their carving and woodwork; in others the doors were gone, and several had had pictures cut from the ceilings; one beautiful room had suffered less, and eight or ten fine heads in wood carving, stood out from its walls, sole tenants of the dusty waste; and there it was the worthy man gave us some odd reason why the last prodigal of the house, the nephew of the ladies, "*lui chi era na mangiato tante cose*" pictures and carvings, &c., had spared this once favourite dining room. He then led us to his own sanctum, a queer den in a retired corner of the palace, which might have served for the studio of Paracelsus or of Faustus. Here he had collected all sorts of odds and ends, old papers and MSS., bits of wood and pictures, fossils and casts, and a world of indescribable rubbish, among which he, with much pride, displayed upon a broken easel the MSS. of the Foscari pedigree, "from the 9th century down to Laura and Marianna aforesaid, with long notes of achievements, especially of the famous Doge." Then, in a confidential whisper, he told our friend how the law-suit went on—"undava bene il processo," and that the Avvocato had the most confident hopes of establishing the right of the true branch to— In fact, he had been zealously collecting materials for Signor l'Avvocato, and had succeeded, after years of labour, in urging the learned man to action. No wonder he was anxious to tell his long tale of unjust cousins and false codicils, &c., which he hoped to set aside in favour of the Ladies. But they, poor forlorn women, in some by gone hour of deep distress, ere this zealous advocate came to their aid, had actually sold the reversion of the palace, after their own deaths, for an annuity of sixteen-pence a day, and the home of the Foscari will soon probably be let in as many lodgings as a five story-house in St. Giles's, not excepting the chamber "of the Royal Dane." Such is an illustration of the "base uses" to which the palaces of Venice are tending, and such the actual state of many descendants of her merchant princes. But in the hour of power and of pride they were deaf to the cries of liberty and of justice, and when danger threatened they showed themselves unable to defend a state they were unworthy to govern. Nothing is now left them but to repeat the poet's lament, "O Italia, Italia," &c.

THE NEVILLES OF GARRETSTOWN—A TALE OF 1760

BY HARRY LORREQUER, AUTHOR OF "CHARLES O'MALLEY," ETC.

CHAPTER I.—AN EVENING AT AYLMER CASTLE.

"Say, for you saw us, ye immortal lights,
How oft unwearied have we spent the nights."

We spent them not in toys, in lusts, or wine." COWLEY.

Lord Aylmer outlived the approaching and many succeeding Sundays, and on the next but one after his recovery, held the purpose he had formed of attending at his parish church. He arrived at the moment when divine service was about to commence, behaved himself during the prayers and sermon with exemplary decorum, and when parting, accosted the dean with his usual courtesy, thanking him for the useful advice he had been so good as to give him, "which," said he, "I thought so interesting and instructive, that I took the liberty of indulging my neighbour Lord Roseberry with a perusal of it." With this remark he parted, leaving the dean astonished if not confounded, at the complacency of his cool assurance.

Aylmer Castle was not one of those ruined residences, of which so many during the last century, seemed to accuse Ireland of helplessness and decay. It had some external pretensions to the name by which it was called; and was strong enough, if need were, to bid defiance to any lawless attempts against it by siege or storm; while, within, although the apartments were not very spacious, they were fitted up with some attention to comfort, and even with an approach towards the refinements of luxury. Lord Aylmer had never been married, and his house was destitute of the nameless and indescribable charm which attests the presiding influence of female genius, but nothing was to be seen in his establishment, by which good taste or propriety could be offended.

He was seated in an easy chair at a window which opened upon an inclosed and secluded garden of small extent, laid out in a style which showed no deficiency in taste. A velvet turf sloped down to a smooth, clear lake or pond, where two or three swans were floating in that motion which seems so indicative of peaceful enjoyment, and of the easy exercise of will. A thick wood surrounded the whole enclosure, lake and sward, and the cawing of rooks, distant enough not to be importunate, completed assurance of a seclusion upon which nothing unwelcome could intrude.

It was five o'clock, and as was the fashion of the house, dinner was to be served within a quarter of an hour. Of the guests who were then to assemble some were engaged in conversation with their host—among them Carleton and Derinzy and the redoubtable Sir Thomas Brazier.

"I have been," said Lord Aylmer, "for some time, admiring the motion of these beautiful swans. I scarcely know any thing that gives a better representation of power in its most perfect development. It seems as if the will, alone, without any meaner instrumentality, effected all the movements. The transitions of thought are more rapid, but they scarcely seem smoother or more easy."

"And yet," said Mr. Derinzy, "you have only to call to your remembrance that swans have feet, and then you have the machinery which impels them. Our mariners show their oars above the water—swans conceal them."

"No bad image of successful ambition, where all that is public is stately and imposing, and the means of success are kept out of sight."

"But faith, my lord, your simile will hardly hold good for Ireland; I doubt very much whether the great leaders or undertakers here, are not just as ready to boast of the corruption by which they prevail as of the success it gives them."

"No, Longueville, I was thinking of the ambition we read of in our younger days, the great and tranquil achievements of Roman and Grecian eloquence, where auditors knew nothing of the littlenesses attended to by the orator in his process of preparation, and saw him only, like the swan in his proper element, all grace and power. Do you think, Mr. Carleton, inferior creatures ever feel an apprehension of death?"

Carleton thought the subject was likely to become painfully solemn, but he

had too much tact to break away from it by an abrupt transition. "What do you imagine," he asked in reply, "was the meaning of that beautiful fiction of the ancients respecting the death notes of the swan? was it a mournful elegy for its departure from life, or an exulting strain in anticipation of a better state of being?"

"It was either, or both, according to the poet's genius. Ovid, who was deep in the good things of this life, seems to regard the dying notes of the fine bird as a mourning strain."

"Ut olim

Carmina jam moriens canit exequalia cygnus."

Virgil lived probably more by soul than sense. At least he was not so given to things of sense as Ovid. He probably leans in his interpretation the other way,

"Iniquentem terras et sidera voce sequentem."

In whatever sense we take it, the idea is pleasing. I doubt, however, whether the Irish picture is not prettier than the classical. In our story we have five king's daughters, (we are aristocratic people, and like to embellish our stories with high titles) changed into swans, and condemned to remain in that shape, until christian missionaries are to bring true religion into the country. They were then to resume their forms and pass through death to immortality."

"Will you permit me to say, that these fictions, all of them, have less of the marvellous for me, than that I should hear such conversation as I have had the fortune to hear not unfrequently since my arrival in Ireland."

"And pray why should it surprise you?"

"I expected something so very different. In short I did not think such subjects could have interest for so gay a people."

"Thank you for the civility of language in which you express your opinion of us, but I can assure you nothing in the world is so unlike itself as this poor Ireland of ours, if you judge of it by any one of the aspects in which it is visible. We have gentlemen, and we have bucks, we have scholars, and we have pedants. We have Protestants and Papists. We have Irish of English descent, and Irish from Partholanus or perhaps some more remote, some Pre-adamite, great man, although to do our antiquarians justice, they seldom trace higher than the creation. We have trading politicians and patriots, undertakers, and candidates, (who canvass by opposing the government,) for the office of undertakers. Form your judgment of Ireland from any one of these classes, and it will be incorrect. Yet I do not wonder that judgments should be thus hastily formed, for the truth is, every one of these classes seems to have a stamp set upon it that is Irish. We cannot therefore be surprised that each of them shall seem to all but those who have ample opportunities of judging, a representative of the country. But here are two friends with whom I recommend you to make acquaintance, Dr. Connor rector of the neighbouring parish, who honours me with his company to-day to reward me for striving to obey the commandment respecting the day—but you are already acquainted with him; and here is Father Fitzpatrick whose eulogy you heard so lately, and who I apprehend is also a doctor—am I right!—a doctor of the Sorbonne."

The reverend father bowed assent. Lord Aylmer continued, after introducing Carleton.

"You will, I trust, assist him to frame a correct opinion of our dear country; and now gentlemen, to dinner."

Lord Aylmer's dinner-table differed from others of the same order, principally in the indulgence it permitted of more freedom from ceremony. Decorum was not neglected or forgotten, but as he never received guests who were not familiar with all the usages of society, or of such tempers and dispositions as to render familiarity with the habits of society matter of little moment, he was able to dispense with that severe strictness of etiquette which for the first hour of dinner, was insisted upon elsewhere. The principle on which the luxury of his cuisine was regulated was that whatever was served at his table should be the best in its kind; a principle which, judiciously carried into effect, rendered his dinners, while it admitted of their having something of an original character, better than those which presented a far more elaborate bill of fare. On something of the same principle he endeavoured to select his society, so far as the power of selection was left him. Some might be met at his table whose moral reputation was not good, but none were met there frequently who had not some redeeming qualities.

Carleton admired much the admirable dexterity with which he engaged all his guests in conversation, so as to make them satisfied with themselves and with each other. The device of which he had made so happy a use at the hall-room, he did not seem to think necessary in the small company seated round his table, but the tact and discretion with which he did its honours was equally admirable. At first the conversation turned upon matters such as were likely to interest only those engaged in the discussion of them—state and prospect of the harvests—the doings and sayings of the neighbouring gentry—incidents at fairs—field sports—even the condition of the humble classes was not altogether unthought of. In these discussions the whole company could feel intelligent interest, and each individual had an opportunity of contributing his quota to the general entertainment or instruction. The evening advanced, and, when the servants were withdrawn, the range of the conversation changed; purveyors of rural statistics were occasionally, one after another, thrown out; but, having taken their part while the game admitted of it, they were satisfied to lie by, when the performances became, as it were, of a higher order, and to admire, without any jealousy, where they could no longer be performers. And even in the more intellectual pleasures of the evening, Lord Aylmer contrived that such part as they were capable of taking should be ensured to his less cultivated associates.

"I do not wonder," said he in reply to an observation of Carleton's, "that Ireland should perplex you to understand. It seems to be devised by nature as one of her most embarrassing puzzles. Nothing seems easier to divine at the first look; nothing easier to re-adjust and set in order: and at the second look, and the trial, *hic labor est*. How say you father Fitzpatrick, could you supply a clue to conduct an inquisitive adventurer safe through the labyrinth of Ireland?"

"I should be happy to offer any assistance in my power my lord, and am proud to promise Mr. Carleton, that at all events there is no horrid monster in the mazes."

"I am not altogether so sure of that," said Lord Aylmer with a smile. "It is easier for an ill-advised and precipitate man to call monsters into existence here, than for a wise and powerful man to remove them. Pray, Doctor Connor, is there any period of our history, on which you could fix attention, as exhibiting events and characters reducible to the ordinary rules by which national progression seems regulated?"

"Not one. Ireland is intelligible in its future. Ours is the longest preambles to a history that the world has yet witnessed; if we are to have a maturity

proportionable to our national infancy, all schemes of prophetic interpretation, which fix a period for the millenium must be amended."

"Unless," said Lord Aylmer, "Ireland be reserved and kept apart for that great consummation."

"But, my lord—I crave pardon for making such an observation, I would not hazard it, but that I rely on your indulgence."

"Rely on every thing, Doctor Fitzpatrick, which promotes free conversation. I never desire to have a guest who cannot speak sentiments opposed to my party or myself, without offending either."

"I was about to observe that our history has not been written. We were a conquered people—and you, the conquerors, paid little respect to our historical monuments."

"Nevertheless, my good friend," said Dr. Connor, "enough remains to perplex inquirers. It is too clear that we never had been effectually united as one people, even at the time of the Conquest. If our history is of so ancient date as it pretends, this circumstance alone is not a little surprising. Do you know, presbyter as I am in the Church of England, I have sometimes dreamed a regret that this country separated so early as it did from communion with the see of Rome. Had our bishops here remained in obedience to the patriarchate of the west, they would have imbibed the subtle policy which, in that early age, was, perhaps, good and safe—its civilizing effects would have been felt, and the power of a system would have been extended from the church to the nation. But all was in the spirit of our character. We reject the pope in the sixth century, and remain separate during ages in which all Europe was in connection with him—we resist him in the twelfth, when he was lord of Europe—and we make our submission to him, in a league for life and death, in the sixteenth, when all the world began to revolt from him."

"I am certain, Doctor Connor, that you do not mean to say we altered our religion in those changes you speak of?"

"Not one word on the subject of religion—I speak of history only. You admit change of discipline, you know—and you know, equally well, that the authority of the pope was denied—even communion with him was prohibited, in early days—that his authority, even aided by the Norman chivalry, was resisted when Henry II. invaded our land—and that after Henry VIII. put down his authority in England, we took it up lovingly here—"

"At least," said Lord Aylmer, "there seemed something honourable in such submission. *Victrix causa*, you know, doctor—although we must not conclude the line. I am often disposed to think that we ought to allow more weight than we do to peculiarities of character and disposition in making laws for Irishmen."

"Most true, my lord," said Doctor Connor. "There is a passion for adventure in our people which institutions ought to reclaim and direct. The poetry of life is abundantly bestowed upon us. We scarcely can boast, in these later days, of a single poet. I cannot give such a name to Swift—full of genius and power as he confessedly is—but we have much poetry in the national spirit. I seriously believe that great part of the crime which afflicts and affrights us, has its origin in this neglected excellence. It is not, however, to be expected that a government so circumstanced as that of England can pay the attention it demands to such a peculiarity. While plots are incessantly woven to place a Pretender on the throne, we cannot hope to have laws framed or altered in such a spirit as would be desirable."

"Apropos of these Jacobite plots," said Sir Thomas Brazier, with his deep stern voice, and for the first time breaking silence, "I have a thorough detestation of them—I mean in Ireland. I would put them down and punish them with little tenderness or mercy. Everybody must respect and compassionate the Scottish rebels. They loved the Stuart family—and their rebellion was consecrated by a mistaken loyalty. Here there is no such love. If any feeling towards the exiled house lives in the hearts of Irishmen, it is a feeling of disesteem, amounting, in some instances, to contempt or execration. It is not less than flagitious to cover rebellion here with the hypocrisy of affected zeal for such a family. The men that move it should be justly regarded as malefactors."

"And yet," said Doctor Fitzpatrick, rather hesitatingly, "Sir Thomas Brazier may recollect some persons of high qualities engaged in these unhappy conspiracies."

"Certainly; and men whom I should have honoured had they abstained from them. If they could set the Stuart family on the throne by their own exertions, at their own peril, by the labours and dangers of persons whose sentiments were like their own, the world would hold them excused; and even their judges would honour while condemning them: but to betray poor peasants into such a cause—a cause in which they had no interest—where neither their affections nor their prejudices would draw them—to inveigle multitudes into a conspiracy where they must provoke the severities of a government in power, for a cause worse than indifferent to them—this I cannot away with."

"Do you remember the late Mr. Neville, of Garretstown?"

"Yes—he was an exception. Attachment to the house of Stuart was his madness. It was the form in which his love of monarchy became a disease. For such a man as Neville, it was impossible not to feel—even I, Father Fitzpatrick, was concerned for him."

The interest which Carleton could not disguise in his countenance and manner attracted the speaker's attention, who turned to his noble host, near whom he was seated, and in an under voice called his attention to the singular resemblance of the young man to their old acquaintance. Lord Aylmer admitted that there was a likeness, and changed the subject.

"Dormer," said he, "is it true—you know something of him—is it true that Mr. Neville is about to leave Garretstown? It was rumoured in Clonmel that he was in treaty with Major Price for Mount Prospect."

"I heard that report," said another guest, "but I paid little attention to it—the reason for Neville's changing his residence was so absurd. Who could believe that John Garrett Neville was a man to be scared from his handsome house and place by an idea that it was haunted? There is something ludicrous in the thought of Neville flying away from a ghost!"

"Ludicrous it may be," said Mr. Dormer, "but perhaps not the less true: at least it is quite certain that Neville is giving up his house—and who do you think, Lord Aylmer, has offered himself as a tenant? No less than Dillon O'Moore, Neville's (I mean the late Mr. Neville's) close friend, and, as was said, the associate in all his Jacobite plots."

"Do you mean to say that O'Moore is in Ireland, and purposes to remain here?"

"As to purposes, Lord Aylmer, I can say nothing—I am not in the gentleman's counsels; but I have had ocular demonstration of the fact, and may speak of it. Dillon O'Moore is in Ireland. I was conversing with him in Clonmel on Thursday. It was the first time I set eyes on him since his exploit in Cork."

"Were you not," said Lord Aylmer, "of the party who arrested him on the occasion you speak of?"

"I had that misfortune, or mortification, whichever you call it. Such a day as that was! and such an example of the old proverb—taking a Tartar—that it was! O'Moore was lodging at the house of a mercer on the Parade, and, they said, was never off his guard. We plotted for some days, and, at last, having assembled, three of us, as if to make purchases in the shop, bolted suddenly over the counter, and were up at O'Moore's apartment in an instant. The first notice he had of us was the opening of his door. I have the whole scene before me at this moment—the man standing, his back to the fire, and a table with some papers on it before him. He looked like one in deep thought, and, as if he saw in us nothing but an interruption, made a signal to us not to disturb him. The hand he stretched towards us in this gesture of request or command, had something in it, which, while we hesitated for a moment, he flung out of an open window. Our object was to seize any document we could find in his possession, and we all three ran to see what he had made away with. In an instant we recollected ourselves, and turned to the table. There was not a scrap of paper on it, but there was a blaze in the fire-place. We were mastered—thoroughly set down—O'Moore was our prisoner—we were his dupes."

"Did you find the waif and stray from the window?"

"We did. It did not mend the matter—it was a snuff-box. And would you believe it possible, O'Moore reclaimed it? It was the memorial, he said, of a friend, and if we had no particular objection, he would be glad to retain it."

"Not so bad, Dormer," said a guest, "to throw dust in your eyes by throwing it out of the window—true legerdemain. But how did the matter end? O'Moore escaped, did he not? how was that?"

"Simply because we could establish no charge against him. But I wish you could see him after his success over us—so calm and unexcited. It mortified me not a little—twas as if he could not be elated by a triumph over such adversaries as we were. 'Tis a good many years since then, and I protest I felt humbled when I met him in the streets of Clonmel last week."

"Live in hope—oh, Dormer—your turn next. Rely on it, O'Moore will give you another chance. He would not be here if there was not something doing."

"Aye, aye, sir—"

"Something that smacks of Pretender and Pope."

"Springs the sword from its sheath—slips its noose on the rope!"—

broke in a voice, in which a dash of sarcasm mingled with a tone slightly indicative of irresolution—

"Certainly, Doctor Fitzpatrick," was the reply—"your title to gratify yourself in reciting or originating such a distich is not to be disputed. Nobody has a clearer right than you if you please to claim it. At the same time, I beg you not to hold my friend Dormer or myself chargeable with any such deadly intention as your verses would insinuate."

"Apropos," said Mr. Dormer—"talking of swords, and popes, and what not, were you aware, Doctor, that you were very near losing one of your faithful?"

"You mean Mr. Dalton? You'll be glad, I am sure, to hear he is doing well—his wound, indeed, is slight."

"I did not allude merely to the consequences of the duel, Mr. Fitzpatrick. I was thinking rather of the preparation for it. Have you heard that Dalton had a notion, and deliberated on it for some time, of reading his recantation before going out?"

"I rather fancy, Lord Aylmer," said Mr. Dormer, "you were the missionary to whom Dalton's purpose of change is ascribable."

"May I ask your lordship," said Doctor Fitzpatrick, "what was your strong argument?"

"That is a secret, doctor. I cannot disclose it at this moment, even to you; but I would ask our friend, Doctor Connor, whether I should not have credit for my endeavours, and if the dean should not grant me an indulgence for myself, and allow my absence from his sermons, in consideration of my having exerted myself to give him a subject in my place! I am glad to hear from you that Dalton is doing well. I had been congratulating myself on the termination of our ball, and thought it, on the whole, an affair very happily ended. I was more anxious on account of my friend Mr. Carleton, and was proud to think that, except the town-scuffle, nothing had occurred to complain of. My national pride was up at the thought that I could ask my young friend boldly if we were not a far less belligerent and quarrelsome race than he had thought us."

"My answer would not have disappointed you," said the young man. "From such confused reports as I had heard of Ireland, were I to place implicit credit in them, I should have thought this a country where a quiet death was the most unnatural that could befall a gentleman. What I have seen since my arrival has very much modified my opinion. I was wholly unaware that anything tending to a case of mortal defiance had occurred at the ball."

"To do them justice," said Lord Aylmer, "neither party in the duel could be called a brawler. But it was not very creditable, I apprehend, to one of the two. Miles, I am told, urged on his quarrel rather unhandisomely. Was it so, Mr. Dormer? You were, I think, near them when the dispute arose?"

"I fancy, my lord, there was something of smothered jealousy in the affair—Miles, you know, is not a very decided favourite of the fair; but men are capable of feeling love who have little chance of a return. Dalton had led his partner into the refreshment room, and I saw Miles following with a face more sullen than I can remember. Something passed between the two in the large room, the one laughing as he spoke: there was nothing like laugh or smile to qualify the answer. Dalton handed his partner to a seat, and was getting a glass of lemonade for her, when Miles accosted him. I heard every word either of them spoke, for I felt it was not a thing to end in talk. I saw enough in the looks of Miles to tell me so."

"That was a good hack you rode to-day," said he."

"Said who, Dormer—the grim or the gay?"

"Oh, Miles."

"That was a good hack you rode."

"I rather think so," says Dalton, carelessly. "I hope your lemonade, Mrs. Atcheson, is as good as usual? it ought to be delicious to be worthy the honour I am doing it."

"I was speaking of your horse, Mr. Dalton," said Miles.

"And I was thinking of something better," said Dalton.

"I wish to buy him," said Miles. "Even if he go to the five pound I would not grudge it. What is his price?"

"Ask Lord Aylmer's groom," said Dalton. "His lordship, Mr. Carleton, protects Dalton's stud. Ask Lord Aylmer's groom—or stay—perhaps you could procure a gentleman to negotiate for you—in that case, you might learn the price from Lord Aylmer himself."

"I thought Miles would strike him. I never saw such a picture in my life."

as the two faces presented—Dalton scornful and careless—Miles with a look that would make you doubt whether he would kill Dalton on the spot or go off himself in a fit. As soon as he could speak, he says—

"Can you get a gentleman to act for you, and give me his name?"

"Surely," says Dalton, "with much pleasure;" and on the spot preliminaries were settled. In a minute more Dalton was chatting gaily and laughing with his partner, while she sipped her lemonade. To do Miles justice, he was as cool and steady on the sod as he was hasty in the ball-room. Both are capital fencers—and fortunately (for the wound is of little consequence) Dalton was run through the sword arm. He will have to wear a sling for a few days, but nothing worse."

"I am burning, my lord, to know your argument for changing poor Dalton's belief—not that I ever gave him much credit for erudition in the theological department, but the kind of shot that brings down a volatile being of his kind, I should like much to know the nature of it."

"I must indulge you, Father Fitzpatrick; but in truth it almost over-reached myself. I had no idea of its consequence. Mr. Barnwell, who seconded Dalton on the occasion, called on me to consult on some little preliminary matters requiring adjustment. I thought the occasion not unapt for giving him an opinion on his punctilious obedience to the law. I merely questioned the consistency of his throwing a crowded town into disorder and danger by a most unseasonable equipment of horned beasts in the harness proper to cattle of a different kind, and then abetting his friend in breaking a law which was just as clearly against the use of arms as it was against the possession of blood horses. 'In fact,' said I, carelessly, 'unless you consented to have this matter settled with cudgels—an idea at which he winced as sensitively as I expected—I see nothing for it, on your principles, except that Dalton should entitle himself to keep arms, by becoming a Protestant.' He took me seriously, and after some conversation, in which I humoured his bent, and in which it was clear he altogether mistook my drift and meaning, he left me with an assurance that he would give the subject his best consideration."

"I assure you, Lord Aylmer," said Doctor Connor, "if Mr. Moore had not positively refused to receive the convert, I believe Dalton's name would have been on the rolls of the reformed."

"You'll allow, sir, he was punished well for wavering on the subject."

"Your argument would cut with two edges, Doctor Fitzpatrick; but I shall not avail myself of it to prove that his punishment was sent him for not completing his intention, and attaching himself to the true church."

There was a laugh, and then a moment's silence, of which Carleton took advantage to request an explanation of an expression he had not clearly understood. "How had Lord Aylmer become mixed up in the dispute as 'protector' of Dalton's horses?" He would not interrupt Mr. Dorrner's narrative while it proceeded, but was glad now to have his ignorance instructed.

"We must make you acquainted, Mr. Carleton," said Doctor Connor, to whom he applied for information, "with one of our expedients for rendering the penal laws manageable; occasionally they are enforced—generally they are evaded. I should think Lord Aylmer's stud, if it were realised his own, would exceed anything of the kind in Europe. Have you," he said, turning to his noble host, "an adequate idea of the extent of your engagements in the cavalry department? I suppose you could at least mount a regiment. Every Roman Catholic gentleman, grazier, or wealthy farmer in this neighbourhood, Mr. Carleton, stables his horse under the protection of Lord Aylmer's name. Your lordship might very justly be styled 'My Lord Protector.'"

"We have protectors in humble condition, too," said the priest. "There is a hair-dresser in Clonmel, who, to my certain knowledge, has held properties in trust to an amount of not less than two thousand pounds sterling per annum, and he has not only never disappointed the confidence of those who reposed trust in him, but I believe, on my conscience, in the exercise of his tonsorial avocations, he never availed himself of his position to add one penny to his profits. I often say to my flock, that, when our Protestant neighbours have hearts so good, it won't be very long before the laws are the better for them."

Thus, and in conversation like this, the night wore on, and in the spirit which promoted it, and which it fostered, the company separated.

Doctor Connor was not inattentive to the principal object of his visit. Before leaving Aylmer Castle, he had a private interview with its owner, and went on his way with a well-grounded belief that his remonstrances would prove not ineffectual. Carleton accompanied him, and was to prosecute in his company a search for evidence in support of his title. He was very desirous, also, to visit the burying-ground of his ancestors, whose relics reposed beside the walls of Dr. Connor's church. This visit was to be paid on the following morning, and in the course of the day he was to seek an interview with an old follower of the family, and was now, such was the report, labouring under severe illness. She and her family were protected and favoured by the usurping Neville, and were naturally supposed to be in his interest.

FACTS AND FICTIONS.

Illustrative of Oriental Characters. By Mrs. Postans. 3 vols. Allen & Co.

Mrs. Postans has already made herself pleasantly conspicuous among the English ladies who have written concerning their travels, by her works on 'Cutch,' and 'Western India.' She seems, in some measure, to have succeeded to the literary services of Miss Emma Roberts; like that lady, she describes the features of Oriental life falling under the sphere of feminine observation, with ease and good humour. No fine-ladyism obtrudes itself: we are plagued with no talk about fatigues and sacrifices—nor with many ecstasies. The "facts," however, are more to our taste than the "fictions." An extract, we think, will recommend the manner of their author as a sketched: this being taken from her visit to the crocodile mummy-pits of Maabdeh:—

"The entrance to the mummy-pit we found to be simply a perpendicular hole, cut in the limestone hill, about fifteen feet deep, the sides irregular blocks and without any means for descent but fissures which occur among them. Having lighted candles, secured the phosphorus-box, in case of the lights being extinguished by bats, and removed the coverings from our heads, we, one by one, lowered ourselves down the mouth of the pit, and perceived an opening in the rocks leading from the left. This gallery, originally high enough, no doubt, for people to traverse with convenience, was so choked up by sand, which had drifted down from the mouth of the pit, and by the falling of blocks of stone from above, that it seemed almost impassable; but the Arabs urged us on, and with one before us, followed by Yousseuf, both bearing candles, ourselves next, and two more guides bringing up the rear, also with lights, we all on hands and knees commenced our investigations. It would never do to confess to feeling nervous in such a situation, and yet it was far from pleasant to find ourselves gradually losing the glimmering of daylight which streamed down the aperture of the rock, with intense darkness and an unknown road before us, and our way perpetually blocked by stones, whose angularity was sufficiently

evident as we crawled over them; but it was possible still to advance, and as the passage seemed clear of bats, we had, as explorers of a mummy pit, nothing reasonably to complain of. Soon, however, the guides motioned us to lie flat, as the roof was lower, and the blocks of stone sharp above us; so thus serpent-wise, with our faces close to the ground, we drew and worked ourselves round windings in the gallery and along shifting sand and stones, in a close, hot atmosphere, unvisited by the light of day, until we found ourselves in a chamber some fifteen feet high. The whole of the mummies, whatever they might have been, were removed from here, but the rocky floor was covered with fragments of human and other bones, some completely pulverized. The size of this chamber probably, in its greatest extent, is forty feet, and wholly stalactitical, but blackened with the oil and smoke of torches, and to the right-hand lies an enormous block of stone, a portion evidently of the roof. Opposite to the opening leading to the first gallery, we found another; and, our zeal a little increased by having seen this large chamber, we again adopted our crawling position, and found a gallery to which the sand of the mountain had not penetrated, it is true, but which was more difficult to traverse than the first, in consequence of the huge blocks which had fallen from the roof, and in large masses obstructed the way. The heat here, too, was considerably greater, and the impurity of the atmosphere sensibly felt, producing headache and oppression of the chest; the candles (for we had no torches) gave but a dim uncertain light, and we were a long way from our point of entrance, while fresh in our memory was the story of Mr. Legh's Arab guides, who, as they preceded him in these galleries, fell dead from the effects of mephitic vapours. None of these circumstances were very encouraging, and working along for a hundred yards on hands and knees is rather a tiring method of advancing, particularly with a road rugged and winding as this was. But still the crocodiles had not been seen; the end had not been accomplished; retreat, therefore, was impossible, and on went the party, until the end of the gallery appeared completely blocked up by a huge stone or ledge across it. On near approach, however, the difficulty vanished, and an aperture appeared sufficiently large for the entrance of each person singly, and in a horizontal position; but here bats in millions came rushing forth, shrieking like prisoned demons, and striking in blind terror against everything in their way. Fortunately, our people had brought the lantern, or the whole party, unprepared for this, and unable to trace the windings of the galleries in darkness and alarm, might have been inclosed for ever in this fearful place, and become subjects of curiosity and wonder to the antiquaries of future times. Our more provident party still pressed on, dismayed but for a moment by the scared and hateful birds, who, with a loud rushing noise, were hurrying from us to the outer chamber. This third gallery led to a spacious apartment, similar to that we had left, and like it empty, with an opening to the right and left. The guide paused for a moment and took that to the left, which led to another gallery, as close and narrow as the rest, the same, as we conjectured, from which Mr. Legh and his party were constrained to turn, and where his Arabs perished. Soon, the dragoman, who was in advance of the party, stopped; something impeded his progress; and, on inquiry, we found it to be a human body, not in a mummied state, but the skin quite dry, and resembling rather wood than a thing which had once possessed life and animat on. A few steps further, a second body lay similarly across the gallery, and this Yousseuf also moved aside before the party could advance, leaving the conviction that both were, in fact, the bodies of the poor Arabs. * * * Mr. Legh and his companions escaped from this gallery to be hunted for murder by the Arabs of Maabdeh and Manfaloot, and as narrowly avoided that fate as they did the mephitic vapour of the pit; yet they had not reached the chamber of crocodiles, nor seen a mummy. Our people, however, no way daunted by the dead bodies, now removed from the path, crept on; and at length all were rewarded by entering a chamber, as large as the two first, but not more than six feet high, in consequence of the floor being filled up to a considerable depth by stones and rubbish. Here, then, were the long-sought mummies. On every side bodies piled on bodies lay, enveloped in mats, coffinless, but apparently undisturbed from the time of burial. Yousseuf unrolling two or three, cercloths were found beneath the mats, and bundles of small mummied crocodiles bound up with bodies, some on either side, and others on the chest, in the place where the scarabæi are commonly placed. The size of these crocodiles was singularly small, but the contrast in size between the creature when very young and when full-grown is one of its peculiar characteristics, the egg it lays not being larger than that of a goose. The crocodiles we found were perfectly preserved, even to the teeth and feet; but still, no one's satisfaction was complete until, in a small chamber opening from the large one, was discovered a huge full-grown crocodile, perfectly preserved, the *genius loci*. The aperture in front of the chamber was now much less than the body of the crocodile, so that he was safe from the chance of being dragged from his honourable retreat, by common means at least. But all was gained, and on hands and knees the whole party commenced their backward course, full of triumph, and yet not sorry to leave doubt and apprehension, bats and darkness, mummies and dead Arabs, all behind; and pleasant indeed at the end of the serpentine windings was it to catch a glimpse of sunshine, to feel a breath of pure air and at length to emerge from this loathsome pit, and stand erect safe from the mephitic vapours and atmosphere of death."

We hope to hear more of the East and its matters, from one so enterprising and so unaffected as Mrs. Postans. Will none of our English ladies, Mistress of (themselves) though China fall,

tell us something about the in-comings and out-goings of those skreen and tea-cup inmates of their boudoirs at home—the natives of the Celestial Empire?

BATTLE OF BUSACCO.

The haze was so thick that little could be seen at any great distance, but the fire of the light troops along the face of the hill put it beyond doubt that a battle would take place. Lord Wellington was close up with the brigade of Lightburne, and from the bustle among his staff, it was manifest that the point held by Picton's Division was about to be attacked. Two guns belonging to Capt. Lane's troop of artillery were ordered up on the left of the 88th Regt., and immediately opened their fire, while the Portuguese battery, under the German Major, Aranchid, passed at a trot towards the Saint Antonio Pass, in front of the 74th British.

A rolling fire of musketry, and some discharges of cannon, in the direction of Saint Antonio, announced what was taking place in that quarter, and the face of the hill immediately in front of the brigade of Lightburne, and to the left of the 88th Regt., was beginning to show that the efforts of the enemy were about to be directed against this portion of the ground held by the 3rd division.

The fog cleared away, and a bright sun enabled us to see what was passing before us. A vast crowd of *irailleurs* were pressing onward with great ardour,

and their fire, as well as their numbers, was so superior to that of our advance, that some of the brigade of Lightburne, as also a few of the 88th Regt., were killed while standing in line; a colour-sergeant named Macnamara was shot through the head close beside myself and Ensign Owgan. Col. King, commanding the 5th Regt., which was one of those belonging to Lightburne's Brigade, oppressed by a desultory fire he was unable to reply to without disturbing the formation of his battalion, brought his regiment a little out of its range, while Colonel Alexander Wallace, of the 88th, took a file of men from each company of his regiment, and placing them under the command of Capt. George Bury and Lieut. William Mackie, ordered them to advance to the aid of our people, who were overmatched and roughly handled at the moment. Our artillery still continued to discharge showers of grape and canister at half range, but the French light troops fighting at open distance, heeded it not, and continued to multiply in great force. Nevertheless, in place of coming up direct in front of the 88th, they edged off to their left, out of sight of that corps, and far away from Lightburne's Brigade, and from the nature of the ground, they could be neither seen or their exact object defined; as they went to their left, our advance inclined to the right, making a corresponding movement; but though nothing certain could be known, as we soon lost sight of both parties, the roll of musketry never ceased, and many of Bury's and Mackie's men returned wounded. Those two officers greatly distinguished themselves, and Bury, though badly wounded, refused to quit the field. A soldier of Bury's company, of the name of Pollard, was shot through the shoulder, but seeing his Captain wounded, and continue at the head of his men, threw off his knapsack and fought beside his officer; but this brave fellow's career of glory was short, a bullet penetrated the plate of his cap, passed through his brain, and he fell dead at Bury's feet. These were the sort of materials the 88th were formed of, and these were the sort of men that were unnoticed by their General!

Lord Wellington was no longer to be seen, and Wallace and his regiment standing alone without orders, had to act for themselves. The Colonel sent his Captain of Grenadiers (Dunne) to the right, where the rocks were highest, to ascertain how matters stood, for he did not wish, at his own peril, to quit the ground he had been ordered to occupy without some strong reason for so doing. All this time the brigade of Lightburne, as also the 88th, were standing at ordered arms.

In a few moments Dunne returned almost breathless; he said the rocks were filling fast with Frenchmen, that a heavy column was coming up the hill beyond the rocks, and that the four companies of the 45th were about to be attacked. Wallace asked if he thought half the 88th would be able to do the business? "You will want every man," was the reply.

Wallace, with a steady but cheerful countenance, turned to his men, and looking them full in the face, said, "Now, Connaught Rangers, mind what you are going to do; pay attention to what I have so often told you, and when I bring you face to face with those French rascals, drive them down the hill—don't give the false touch, but push home to the muzzle! I have nothing more to say, and if I had it would be of no use, for in a minute or two there'll be such an infernal noise about your ears that you won't be able to hear yourselves."

This address went home to the hearts of us all, but there was no cheering; a steady but determined calm had taken the place of any lighter feeling, and it seemed as if the men had made up their minds to go to their work unflinched nor too much excited.

Wallace then threw the battalion from line into column, right in front, and moved on our side of the rocky point at a quick pace; on reaching the rocks, he soon found it manifest that Dunne's report was not exaggerated; a number of Frenchmen were in possession of this cluster, and so soon as we approached within range, we were made to appreciate the effects of their fire, for our column was raked from front to rear. The moment was critical, but Wallace, without being in the least taken aback, filed out the Grenadiers and 1st battalion companies, commanded by Captains Dunne and Dansey, and ordered them to storm the rocks, while he took the 5th battalion company, commanded by Captain Oates, also out of the column, and ordered that officer to attack the rocks at the opposite side to that assailed by Dunne and Dansey. This done, Wallace placed himself at the head of the remainder of the 88th, and pressed on to meet the French column.

At this moment the four companies of the 45th, commanded by Major Gwynne, a little to the left of the 88th, and in front of that regiment, commenced their fire, but it in no way arrested the advance of the French column, as it, with much order and regularity, mounted the hill, which at this point is rather flat. But here, again, another awkward circumstance occurred. A battalion of the 8th Portuguese Infantry, under Col. Douglas, posted on a rising ground, on our right, and a little in our rear, in place of advancing with us, opened a distant and ill-directed fire, and one which would exactly cross the path of the 88th, as that corps was moving onward to attack the French column, which consisted of three splendid regiments, viz. the 2d Light Infantry, the 36th, and the 70th of the line. Wallace, seeing the loss and confusion that infallibly would ensue, sent Lieut. John Fitzpatrick, an officer of tried gallantry, with orders to point out to this regiment the error into which it had fallen; but Fitzpatrick had only time to take off his hat, and call out "*Vamons Comrades*," when he received two bullets—one from the Portuguese, which passed through his back, and the other in his left leg from the French, which broke the bone and caused a very severe fracture; yet this regiment continued to fire away, regardless of the consequences, and a battalion of militia, which was immediately in the rear of the 8th Portuguese, took to their heels the moment the first volley was discharged by their own countrymen!

Wallace threw himself from his horse, and placing himself at the head of the 45th and 88th, with Gwynne of the 45th, on one side of him, and Captain Seton, of the 88th, on the other, ran forward at a charging pace into the midst of the terrible flame in his front. All was now confusion and uproar, smoke, fire, and bullets, officers and soldiers, French drummers and French drums knocked down in every direction; British, French, and Portuguese mixed together; while in the midst of all was to be seen Wallace, fighting—like his ancestor of old!—at the head of his devoted followers, and calling out to his soldiers to "press forward!" Never was defeat more complete, and it was a proud moment for Wallace and Gwynne when they saw their gallant comrades breaking down and trampling under their feet this splendid division, composed of some of the best troops the world could boast of. The leading regiment, the 36th, one of Napoleon's favourite battalions*, was nearly destroyed; up-

wards of two hundred soldiers, and their old Colonel, covered with orders, lay dead in a small space, and the face of the hill was strewn with the dead and wounded, which showed evident marks of the rapid execution done at this point; for Wallace never slackened his fire while a Frenchman was within his reach. He followed them down the edge of the hill, and then he formed his men in line, waiting for any orders he might receive, or for any fresh body that might attack him. Our gallant companions, the 45th, had an equal share in the glory of this short but murderous fight; they suffered severely, and the 88th lost nine officers and one hundred and thirty-five men. The 8th Portuguese also suffered, but in a less degree than the other two regiments, because their advance was not so rapid, but that regiment never gave way, nor was it ever broken; indeed there was nothing to break it, because the French were all in front of the 45th and 88th, and if they had broken the Portuguese they must have first broken the two British regiments, which I rather think it was well known they did not! The regiment of militia in their rear ran away most manfully; and if they were able to continue for any length of time the pace at which they commenced their flight, they might, I should say, have nearly reached Coimbra before all matters had been finally settled between us and the French. Two of their officers stood firm, and reported themselves in person to Wallace on the field of battle; so there could be no mistake about them, no more than there was about the rest of their regiment.

Meanwhile Captains Dunne, Dansey, and Oates had a severe struggle with the French troops that occupied the rocks. Dunne's Sergeant (Brazil) killed a Frenchman, by a push of his halbert, who had nearly overpowered his Captain. Dansey was slightly wounded in four places, but it was said at the time that he killed three Frenchmen—for he used a firelock. Oates suffered less, as the men opposed to him were chiefly composed of those that fled from Dunne and Dansey. Dunne's company of Grenadiers, which at the onset counted about sixty, lost either two or three-and-thirty, and Dansey's and Oates' companies also suffered, but not to the same amount.

The French troops that defended those rocks were composed of some of the 4th regiment and the Irish brigade; but though several of the latter were left wounded in the rocks, we could not discover one Irishman amongst them.

Lord Wellington, surrounded by his Staff and some General Officers, was a close observer of this attack. He was standing on a rising ground in rear of the 88th Regt., and so close to that corps that Col. Napier, of the 50th—who was on leave of absence—was wounded in the face by a musket shot, quite close to Lord Wellington. His Lordship passed the warmest encomiums on the troops engaged, and noticed the conduct of Capt. Dansey in his despatch. It has been said, and I believe truly, that Marshal Beresford, who was Colonel of the 88th, expressed some uneasiness when he saw his regiment about to plunge into this unequal contest; but when they were mixed with Reynier's division, and putting them to flight down the hill, Lord Wellington, tapping Beresford on the shoulder, said to him, "Well, Beresford, look at them now!"

While these events which I have described were taking place, Picton in person took the command against the other division of Reynier's corps, and had a sharp dispute with it at the pass of Saint Antonio; but General Mackinnon, who led on the troops, never allowed it to make any head. A shower of balls from Arentschild's battery deranged its deployment, and a few volleys from the 74th British and the Portuguese brigade of d'Champlemond, totally routed this column before it reached the top of the ridge.

As has been seen, the second column of Reynier's corps was met by Picton in person at Saint Antonio; but this attack was feeble in comparison with the one directed against Wallace, and, besides, Picton's force was vastly superior to that commanded by Wallace, while the troops opposed to him were little, if anything, more numerous. Picton had at this point five companies of the 45th under Major Smyth, all the light companies of the 3d division, one company of the 60th Rifles, the 74th British and the Portuguese brigade of d'Champlemond, besides Arentschild's battery of guns. It is not, therefore, to be wondered at that Reynier made little or no impression on Picton's right.

The 5th division commanded by General Leith, was in movement towards the contested point, and reached it in time either to take the fugitives in flank or to drive back any fresh body destined to support their defeated comrades.—It made great efforts to join Picton when he was attacked, but the advance was so rapid, the defeat so signal, and the distance—two miles across a rugged mountain—so great, that Leith and his gallant division could only effect in part what they intended. The arrival of this force was, however, fully appreciated; for although the brigade of Lightburne, belonging to Picton's division, had not fired a shot, or been at all molested, and although the 74th Regt. was nearly at liberty, still, had another attack with fresh troops been made, Leith might have stood in Picton's shoes on the extreme right, while the latter could in a short time concentrate all his battalions, and either fight beside Leith or turn with vigour against any effort that might be made against his centre or left. But it would seem that no reserve was in hand—at all events none was thrown into the fight; and Massena gave up without a second trial that in which he lost many men and much glory!

While Picton, Mackinnon, Wallace, and d'Champlemond, and Leith's division, were occupied as I have described, the light division, under the gallant Robert Crawford, maintained a severe struggle against a large proportion of Ney's corps. Those French troops were driven down the hill with great loss, and the General of Division, Simon, who headed and led the attack, was taken prisoner by the 52d Regt., and between two and three hundred unwounded men shared the fate of their General. The leading brigade of Leith's division put

the appearance of the men. This distinction excited no jealousy, for all had received, or expected, commendation; but in the evening, a number of the soldiers of the favoured regiments—the 36th, 57th, and 10th, assembled at a public house a little way out of Boulogne, which was also a favourite resort of the Grenadiers of the Guard. At first, everything went on in an amicable way, until certain couplets, composed on the events of the morning, happened to be recited by some of the inhabitants, who had mixed with the military. The Grenadiers for a time maintained an ominous silence, but finally protested against such verses being sung in their presence; the line interposed in their turn; a quarrel arose, first of words, afterwards some blows were exchanged. On this, they instantly separated, each quietly passing a challenge to his nearest opponent. At four o'clock next morning, above two hundred Grenadiers of the Guard separately stole out to the place of meeting, where had assembled, in like manner, an equal number of the three regiments. To it they went, sword in hand, without a word of explanation, and for more than an hour continued the combat with fearful obstinacy. They would probably have been massacred to a man, had not General St. Hilaire, obtaining late information of this sanguinary quarrel, galloped to the spot with a regiment of cavalry. In the conflict the Guards lost ten, and the Line thirteen men; but the wounded on both sides were much more numerous." This extract shows the description of troops that were opposed to the 45th and 88th.

* In the Memoirs of the Empress Josephine, this self-same 36th Regt. is mentioned as being amongst the most highly-favoured by Napoleon, and the following incident is narrated concerning it, and two others:—"One day, Bonaparte having particularly remarked the excellent order of two regiments of the line and one of light infantry, called the officers in front, from the Colonel to the Corporal, and expressed, in very flattering terms, his satisfaction with

to flight some of the enemy who kept a hold of a rocky point on Picton's right, and had Picton been aware of their being there he might have cut off their retreat, while Leith attacked them in front and flank; but their numbers were scanty, and they might not have been aware of the fate of their companions, otherwise they would, in all probability, have got out of Leith's clutches before his arrival, for their remaining in the rocks could be of no possible avail, and their force was too weak to hazard any serious attack on Picton's right. Indeed they were routed by a battalion or two of Leith's division; and the entire British loss at this point did not count above forty or fifty. And thus ended a battle of which so many accounts have been given: all at variance with each other,—and none more so than what I have just written.

It has been said that Picton directed the attack of the 45th, under Major Gwynne, the 88th, under Wallace, and the 8th Portuguese, under Douglas. Not one syllable of this is true. The conception of this attack, its brilliant execution, which ended in the total overthrow of Reynier's column, all belong to Colonel Alexander Wallace, of the 88th Regiment. At the time it was made Generals Picton and Mackinnon had their hands full at the pass of Saint Antonio, and were, in effect, as distant from Wallace as if they had been on the Rock of Lisbon; neither was General Lightburne to be seen. The nearest officer of rank to Wallace was Lord Wellington, who saw all that was passing, and never interfered *pro or con*, which is a tolerably strong proof that his Lordship thought no alteration for the better could be made, and Wallace had scarcely reformed his line, a little in front, and below the contested ground, when Lord Wellington, accompanied by Marshal Beresford and a number of other officers, galloped up, and passing round the left of our line, rode up to Wallace, and seizing him warmly by the hand, said,

"Wallace, I never witnessed a more gallant charge than that made just now by your regiment!"

Wallace took off his hat,—but his heart was too full to speak. It was a proud moment for him; his fondest hopes had been realized, and the trouble he had taken to bring the 88th to the splendid state of perfection in which that corps then was, had been repaid in the space of a few minutes by his gallant soldiers, many of whom shed tears of joy. Marshal Beresford addressed many of the soldiers by name, who had served under him when he commanded the regiment; and Picton, who at this time came up, expressed his satisfaction,—but the soldiers, who disliked him, took no notice of what he said. Lord Wellington then took leave of us; and Beresford, shaking the officers by the hand, rode away with his Lordship, accompanied by the officers about him. We were once more left to ourselves; the arms were piled, the wounded of all nations collected and carried to the rear, and in a short time the dead were left without a stitch of clothes to cover their bodies. All firing had ceased, except a few shots low down the hill on our right; and shortly after the picquets were placed in front a double allowance of spirits was served out to Wallace's men.

We had now leisure to walk about, and talk to each other on the events of the morning, and look at the French soldiers in our front. They appeared as leisurely employed cooking their rations as if nothing serious had occurred to them, which caused much amusement to our men, some of whom remarked that they left a few behind them that had got a "belly-tail" already. The rocks which had been forced by the three companies of the 88th presented a curious and melancholy sight; one side of their base strewn with our brave fellows, almost all of them shot through the head, while in many of the niches were to be seen dead Frenchmen, in the position they had fought; while on the other side, and on the projecting crags, lay many who in an effort to escape the fury of our men were dashed to pieces in their fall!

Day at length began to close, and night found the two armies occupying the ground they held on the preceding evening; our army, as then, in utter darkness, that of the enemy more brilliant than the preceding night, which brought to our recollection the remark of a celebrated General, when he saw bonfires through France after a signal defeat which the troops of that nation had sustained. "Gad!" said the General, "those Frenchmen are like flint-stones,—the more you beat them the more fire they make!"

Capt. Seton, Ensign Owgan, and myself, with one hundred of the Connaught Rangers, formed the picquet in advance of that regiment, and immediately facing the outposts of the enemy in our front. The sentries of each, as is customary in civilized armies, although within half-shot range of each other, never fired except upon occasions of necessity. Towards midnight, Seton, a good and steady officer, went in front, for the third time, to see that the sentinels which he himself had posted were on the alert. He found all right; but upon his return to the main body he missed his way, and happening in the dark to get too close to a French sharpshooter, he was immediately challenged, but not thinking it prudent to make any noise, in the shape of reply or otherwise, he held his peace. Not so with the Frenchman, who uttered a loud cry to alarm his companions, and discharged the contents of his musket at Seton; the ball passed through his hat, but did no other injury, and he might have rejoiced at his escape, had the matter ended here; but the cry of the sentinel and the discharge of his musket alarmed the others, and one general volley from the line of outposts of both armies warned Seton that his best and safest evolution would be to sprawl flat on his face amongst the heath, with which the hill was copiously garnished. He did so, and as soon as the tumult had in a great degree abated, he got up on his hands and knees, and essayed to gain the ground which no doubt he regretted he had ever quit. He was nearing the picquet fast, when the rustling in the heath, increased by the awkward position in which he moved, put us on the *qui vive*. Owgan, who was a dead shot with a rifle, and who on this day carried one, called out, in a low but clear tone, "I see you, and if you don't answer, you'll be a dead man in a second;" and he cocked his rifle, showing he meant to make good his promise.

Whether it was that Seton knew the temperament of the last speaker, or that the recollection of what he was near receiving caused by his obstinate taciturnity with the French soldier, is uncertain, but in this instance he completely changed his plan of tactics, and replied in a low and scarcely audible tone, "Owgan! don't fire—it's me." So soon as he recovered his natural and more comfortable position—for he was still "all-fours"—we congratulated him on his lucky escape, and I placed my canteen of brandy to his mouth; it did not require much pressing to prevail upon him to take a hearty swig, which indeed he stood much in need of.

The night passed over without further adventure or annoyance, and in the morning the picquets on both sides were relieved. The dead were buried without much ceremony, and the soldiers occupied themselves cleaning their arms, arranging their accoutrements, and cooking their rations. The enemy showed no great disposition to renew his attack, and a few of us obtained leave to go down to the village of Busacco, in order to visit some of our officers, who were so badly wounded as to forbid their being removed further to the rear. Amongst the number was the gallant Major Silver, of the 88th. He had been shot

through the body, and though he did not think himself in danger, as he suffered no pain, it was manifest to the medical men he could not live many hours. He gave orders to his servant to leave him for a short time, and attend to his horses; the man did so, but on his return, in about a quarter of an hour, he found poor Silver lying on his right side as if he was asleep—but he was dead! Silver was one of the best soldiers in the army, and was thanked by Colonel Donkin, who commanded the brigade at the battle of Talavera, for his distinguished bravery in that action. He was laid in a deep grave, in the uniform he had fought and died in.

A curious, and, as it turned out, a laughable, circumstance took place in this village about this time. A Commissary, who had about a year before joined the division as a Clerk, and was esteemed by all a good sort of fellow, became promoted, made money—a matter of course—rapidly, and, in the opinion of many, began not only to forget himself, but some of his old acquaintances also; it was even hinted that he gave one or two the "cut direct." Amongst those who felt most indignant was a young officer of the 88th, of the name of Heppenstal, a fellow who would have thought as little of shooting the said Commissary as he would of eating one of his ration biscuits. Some angry words had passed between them while the 3d division were stationed at Pinhal, and it would seem from what just now followed, that neither had forgotten the circumstance. Heppenstal had rode down to the village, and hung the reins of his horse's bridle on a hook of the door of a house he had entered; the horse was quite out of the way of the street, but the Commissary, it would seem, preferred the foot-path, and riding furiously between the horse's head and the wall, broke the reins, and was about to pass on when Heppenstal rushed out, and caught hold of the broken reins; the head-stall came off, leaving in Heppenstal's hands a very dangerous missile, which he made use of on the instant against the Commissary. The bit of the bridle came in contact with the Commissary's teeth, leaving him minus one or two; but he still kept his seat, and brandished a huge horsewhip at Heppenstal: a rushlight would have been of as much service to him, for Heppenstal, a powerful man, and to whom danger was as nought, seized him by the right foot, and with one jerk emptied the saddle; the poor man fell on his face in the dust, and was not only made to "bite the bridle," but the "dust" also. By no means satisfied with the chastigation he had given, Heppenstal rushed upon his fallen foe like an enraged tiger, and endeavoured to wrest the whip from his hand; but though the Commissary lost his seat, he retained his presence of mind, and well knowing what he had to expect if the whip once got into his opponent's hands, held it with a death-like grasp. Powerful as Heppenstal was, he could not disentangle the whip, but he dragged the Commissary a great distance along the street, and as the unfortunate man defended himself on his back, his uniform coat was torn to ritters. At last some officers and soldiers interposed, and succeeded in getting Heppenstal away, and thus relieved the unfortunate Commissary from his disagreeable posture, and also from his disagreeable neighbour. Had the prize sought for, the whip, been gained, I am not prepared to say that the Commissary would have served out rations for some time, and from the pertinacity with which he held it, I should say he was of my opinion. Heppenstal was killed shortly after, and died gloriously. I know not what became of the Commissary.

On the night of the 29th, the French army made that flank movement which obliged Lord Wellington to retire, and which is so well known as to render any detail from me unnecessary; and on that night we took our leave of the mountain of Busacco, and commenced our march to the Lines of Torres Vedras.

DREAMING.

The primary effect of sleep upon the mental powers seems to be to place them in a state of entire suspense. When sleep, therefore, is perfect, it is attended by a state of total unconsciousness. When, on the contrary, it is imperfect—when we are either, after a sufficiency of rest, verging towards waking as generally happens in the morning, or our sleep is broken and disturbed by uneasy bodily sensations, or by the effects of an uneasy state of the mind itself—then unconsciousness is not complete. Mental action takes place, though in what must in the main be described as an irregular and imperfect way, and we become conscious of—dreaming. Dreaming, then, may be defined as the result of the imperfect operation of the mind in a state of partial sleep. It is a form of intellection, very peculiar, and attended by very remarkable phenomena, which have in all ages attracted much attention both from the simple and the learned.

The speculations of philosophers on the subject have not as yet been satisfactory, as indeed might be expected, considering that so little is known of the laws which regulate the operations of the waking mind. Dismissing in a great measure the definitions of former writers, I shall probably carry the sense of the ordinary reader along with me, when I say that the operations of the mind in sleep bear a general resemblance to that involuntary streaming of ideas through it in our waking moments, which we are all conscious of; but with this difference, that, in sleep, there is an absence of that faculty or power, whatever it is, which enables us, awake, to see pretty clearly the actual character of things as they exist, and to understand their actual relations; which prevents us, in short, from falling into absurdities. Hence dreams are full of exaggeration and inconsistency, and suppose things in relations which we never see realised. But, while waking thought and dreaming thought are marked by this strong general distinction, it would be too much to say that they are conditions altogether unconnected. The mind in its waking moments often makes a near approach to the dreaming condition. In what are called reveries, the sanest man will occasionally have wild, absurd, and even horrible ideas presented to him, not widely different from dreams in their character. There is, however, this difference, that, while in the waking state the least exertion of his will is sufficient to banish such ideas, he is scarcely ever able to exercise any control over them in sleep, the will being then, as it were, in abeyance.

It may also be remarked, that the simplest kind of dreaming, that which occurs in our soundest state of body, and in most ordinary circumstances, is exactly such a series of familiar ideas as our minds are usually filled by when our attention is not engaged by special subjects. The persons we have conversed with the day before, the occupations or amusements which engaged us, and the subjects of our reigning hopes, form the matter of our simplest dreams, as they do that of our waking thoughts. And often these are presented in a state as free from any absurdity as if we were awake.

Generally, however, dreaming thought is remarkable for its exemption from the control of that faculty—judgment, reflection, common sense, or causality—which usually gives us clear apprehensions of the nature and arrangements of things. Thus we will feel ourselves in the society of persons long dead, and whom we remember at the time to be dead, and yet we never think there is anything extraordinary in their now going about amongst the living. We

find the house we inhabit to have more or less rooms than is actually the case, or to be in some other way unlike our actual dwelling, and yet we never doubt that this is the house in which we usually live. We are in our ordinary place of worship, and the clergyman performing the service is an old acquaintance dead many years, who, in life, was amongst the last persons we could have expected to see engaged in such duties. If we have a library, we shall find the books in great disorder; and, if looked into, the authors are such as we have no knowledge of, and the subjects are incomprehensible. A tradesman, dreaming of his shop, will find his stock in bad condition, and a dulness as well as confusion throughout the place. Money is an awkward thing to reckon; if bank-notes, we are sure to meet with such as we never heard of before. In travelling, we commonly get on very quickly, and sometimes continue to move through the air without any action of our limbs.

Seeing and conversing with people long since deceased is an ordinary occurrence, and, what is very distressing, after the death of a near relation or intimate friend, we are apt to dream night after night that he has been seriously ill, but is recovering, or at least is still alive. I have myself several times had a dream of this kind. Some person nearly connected with me, appeared not only alive, but looking well for his years, which I ascertained by calculating what his age was when he died, and then adding the number of years that had passed since; thus making the strange jumble of considering him as both dead and alive at the same time.

Feverishness, whether arising from uneasiness in the digestive organs or otherwise, tends to produce painful or horrible dreams. Sleeping on the back, with an over-loaded stomach, usually engenders the distressing dream called Nightmare, where we feel as if some great load had been placed upon our chest, or some unsightly figure of the fancy had sat down upon it. In milder cases of distress in the stomach, we see a similar figure come into the room, and go about as for our annoyance, or to inflict horrors upon us. Feverish ailments also make us encounter strange wild impossibilities, which we yet feel it to be an unavoidable duty to accomplish, such as the passing over vast gulfs, the climbing of wall-like steeples, or perhaps the reconciling of tremendous moral inconsistencies.

It has been remarked, that everything in dreams, however wild or absurd, seems to come as a matter of course, and excites no surprise. This does not always exactly happen. An elderly person known to me dreamed of being at school, yet had an awkward feeling that he was beyond the proper age. There is also a peculiar dreaming condition in which, struck as it were by the extreme improbability or absurdity of our thoughts, we reflect that it is only a dream. Dr. Beattie mentions a dream in which he found himself standing on the parapet of a bridge, when, reflecting that this was a situation not very likely for him to be in, he supposed that it might be a dream; and, to put this to the proof, threw himself headlong, when he of course awoke.

Though the most ordinary kind of dreaming comprises the things which chiefly engross our attention while awake, yet it happens not unfrequently that the subject of our dreams is hardly connected at all with the present state of our thoughts; for it is to be noticed, that, though no absolutely new ideas can be presented to our mind while in that state, yet we may observe such an arrangement of them as has never occurred in our waking moments. Cases will occur where what we see is not confused; it is a distinct representation of something which it is quite possible might happen in reality; but still the idea of such a thing appears never to have been in our mind at any previous time. For instance, a person dreamed that an elderly widow lady of his acquaintance informed him that she was married a second time, and described her husband by comparing him to a person then deceased, whom the dreamer remembered. Now, the person who had this dream never entertained the most distant idea of the lady marrying again, both from her age and other circumstances; neither was it a subject he took the smallest interest in when awake. I may add, that it is a dream by no means likely to be ever fulfilled.

It is a well-known fact, that dreams may be suggested by external causes. Put for instance, bottles of hot water to the feet of a sleeping person, he will immediately dream of walking over burning lava, or hot ploughshares, or the hot sands of Africa, with all the associated circumstances proper in the case. Play upon his face with a bellows, and he will have a dream of sitting in a draught of air, or walking in a high wind. There have even been instances of sleepers whose dreams could be suggested at will by the conversation of the waking bystanders. These facts show that the mind works in sleep much in the manner as in our waking moments, but, in the absence of the power of correct perception, is obliged to employ the imagination to account for the things presented to it. When, in the midst of an ordinary dream, some powerful disturbance takes place, as that produced by a knocking at the door, the mind sometimes weaves the incident into the tissue of the dream; in which case the sleeper is the less likely to awake; but in other cases the mind fails to reconcile the disturbing incident with its former thoughts, and then a difficulty arises, in which sleep is likely to be broken. There are examples on record of dreams being entirely suggested by casual disturbances. A gun, for instance, is fired under our bedroom window; we immediately have a dream representing a long chain of events which naturally lead on to the firing of a gun; we awake from the noise, and find that only an instant has elapsed since the report which suggested the dream. This has caused some writers to form a theory that dreams are invariably momentary, occurring only at the instant of awakening; and to support this idea, several actual occurrences of a very remarkable nature have been adduced. For example, when Lavalette was under condemnation in 1815, he had a dream representing a procession of skulking horses and their riders, which seemed to him to last for several hours; and yet it was ascertained that the whole pageantry had passed through his mind in the little interval between the striking of the hour and the consequent change of the prison sentries. But dreams of this kind are in reality exceptions from the general rule. There is a sense of time in sleep as well as when we are awake, though generally somewhat less. In the dreams of healthy sleep, this sense operates with considerable distinctness; and it is only when the mind is in a harassed and excited state that dreams of the kind described take place.

The incoherence, inconsistency, and essential absurdity of many of our thoughts in dreaming bring that state into a resemblance to insanity, which has been remarked by more than one medical writer. Dr. G. D. Davey of the Hanwell Lunatic Asylum says, 'If we watch a lunatic patient, we shall perceive very much of what I would regard as a state of *active dreaming*; that is to say, a condition which would seem to realise action with *unconscious thought*. * * An insane person often reminds me of one asleep and dreaming with his eyes open, and in the exercise of his motive powers. I will add, the dreamer with one or two organs alone active, I should be disposed to consider a sleeping monomaniac.' This is very striking, and appears to be true; and yet the mind often shows wonderful powers in sleep. A distinguished divine of the present day, who in his college days was devoted to mathematical

studies, was once baffled for several days by a difficult problem, which he finally solved in his sleep. Condorcet often overcame similar difficulties in his dreams. Dr. Gregory conceived thoughts in sleep, many of which he afterwards employed in his lectures. An eminent Scottish lawyer of the last age had studied an important case for several days: one night his wife observed him rise and go to his desk, where he wrote a long paper, after which he returned to bed. In the morning he told her that he had had a dream, in which he conceived himself to have delivered an opinion on a case which had exceedingly perplexed him, and he would give any thing to recover the train of thought which had then passed through his mind. She directed him to look in his desk, where he found the whole train of thoughts clearly written out. This paper proved efficacious in the subsequent conduct of the case. We must all remember, too, the fine romantic poem of Kubla Khan, composed by Coleridge in a dream. 'The greatest singularity observable in dreams,' says Hazlitt, 'is the faculty of holding a dialogue with ourselves, as if we were really and effectually two persons. We make a remark, and then expect an answer, which we are to give to ourselves, with the same gravity of attention and hear it with the same surprise, as if it were really spoken by another person. We are played upon by the puppets of our own moving. We are staggered in an argument by an unforeseen objection, or alarmed at a sudden piece of information of which we have no apprehension till it seems to proceed from the mouth of some one with whom we fancy ourselves conversing. We have, in fact, no idea of what the question will be that we put to ourselves till the moment of its birth.' There are instances of very smart and adroit things thus occurring to the mind in sleep. 'Mr. S. dreamt that he was in his parlour with a friend, and that a piece of black cloth was lying upon the table, but which his friend happened to remark was flesh-colour. Hereupon arose a discussion as to the colour of the cloth, Mr. S. maintaining that it was black, and his friend as strenuously insisting that it was flesh-colour. The dispute became warm, and Mr. S. offered to bet that it was black; his friend offering also to bet that it was flesh-colour. Mr. S. concluded the bet when his friend immediately exclaimed, "And is not black the colour of more than half the human race!" thus completely stealing a march upon Mr. S., and winning the bet. Mr. S. declares that the idea of black being entitled to the name of flesh-colour had never before occurred to him.' An explanation on this subject, suggested by Mr. A. Carmichael of Dublin, accords with the views here taken respecting dreaming generally:—'Whatever we are capable of thinking without an effort, we are susceptible of dreaming; and during our *waking reflections* we frequently imagine what kind of reply an adversary might make to an observation we had dropped; we immediately enter into the warmth of argument by coining an answer of our own in return, and when we have said all that occurs on that side of the question, a reply naturally suggests itself on the other, all the merit of which we ascribe to our antagonist; and thus the disputation goes on as if *two different minds* were engaged in the contest—the words, by a strange illusion, ringing in our ears, and the ardent looks and forcible gestures flitting before our eyes, till some real object, breaking on our attention, recalls us to the perception of the external world, and the nature of the reverie, which, till now, we thought real. In sleep there is no such intrusion, but the dream and the reverie do not differ from each other as long as they last.'

With reference to the occasional acuteness of the mind in sleep, it seems not unsuitable here to remark, that there are some persons who acknowledge to an unusual felicity of conception at the moment when they are waking. Sir Walter Scott experienced this singular lucidity, which seems half allied to that of a certain class of dreams. The present writer has also been often conscious of useful ideas and happy projects occurring to him for the first time at this peculiar moment. The state is certainly not that of full consciousness; it occurs just as sleep is breaking up. A young man whom I believed to be totally unknown to me called one day, and sent in his card requesting to see me. He was admitted, and addressed me easily and fluently about a situation he was in quest of, asking in conclusion for any information I could give that was likely to be useful. Setting down what was odd in this visit to non-acquaintance with the ways of the world, I gave the youth all the information I possessed, and by and by he took his leave, but not till he asked if I should like to know how he prospered in his canvass. An impression was thus left upon my mind that there was some misunderstanding between me and my visitor, and that he was treating me all along as an acquaintance, while I conceived him (perhaps erroneously) to be a stranger. I thought little more about the incident; but during the ensuing few days it would now and then come into my mind as a somewhat odd one. Three mornings after, when I was awakening, but not fully awake, the idea occurred to me that the young man was probably the son of a widow lady with whom I was slightly acquainted, and whom I now remembered he resembled a little. And on inquiry, this proved to be the case. The wonder here is, that the idea should have occurred to me at such a moment, as it had failed to present itself when the mind was in a clearer state during two preceding days. I had never, to my knowledge, seen the young man since he grew up; but he may have come under my notice at the recent funeral of one of his relations, which I attended, though I have no recollection of seeing him there, and certainly if I did, never formed the faintest surmise of who he was.

This anecdote seems suitable as a preparation for that class of dreams which Dr. Abercrombie calls 'the revival of old associations respecting things which had entirely passed out of the mind, and which seemed to have been forgotten;' about which he at the same time acknowledges that 'some of the facts connected with them scarcely appear referable to any principle with which we are at present acquainted.' The learned writer gives the following, as having occurred to a particular friend of his, and to be relied on in its most minute particulars:—'The gentleman was at the time connected with one of the principal banks in Glasgow, and was at his place at the tellers' table, where money is paid, when a person entered demanding payment of a sum of six pounds. There were several people waiting, who were, in turn, entitled to be attended to before him, but he was extremely impatient, and rather noisy; and being, besides, a remarkable stammerer, he became so annoying, that another gentleman requested my friend to pay him his money and get rid of him. He did so, accordingly, but with an expression of impatience at being obliged to attend to him before his turn, and thought no more of the transaction. At the end of the year, which was eight or nine months after, the books of the bank could not be made to balance, the deficiency being exactly six pounds. Several days and nights had been spent in endeavouring to discover the error, but without success; when, and at last, my friend returned home, much fatigued, and went to bed. He dreamt of being at his place in the bank, and the whole transaction with the stammerer, as now detailed, passed before him in all its particulars. He awoke under a full impression that the dream was to lead him to the discovery of what he was so anxiously in search of; and on examination soon discovered that the sum paid to this person in the manner now mentioned,

had been neglected to be inserted in the book of interests, and that it exactly accounted for the error in the balance."

The most remarkable anecdote connected with this part of our subject is one which has been presented under fictitious circumstances in the tale of 'The Antiquary,' and which the distinguished author has since related in the notes to that novel:—"Mr. R. of Bowland, a gentleman of landed property in the vale of Gala, was prosecuted for a very considerable sum, the accumulated arrears of tithes (or tithe), for which he was said to be indebted to a noble family, the titulars (lay impropriators of the tithes). Mr. R. was strongly impressed with the belief that his father had, by a form of process peculiar to the law of Scotland, purchased these tithes from the titular, and therefore that the present prosecution was groundless. But after an industrious search among his father's papers, an investigation of the public records, and a careful inquiry among all persons who had transacted law-business for his father, no evidence could be recovered to support his defence. The period was now near at hand when he conceived the loss of his lawsuit to be inevitable, and he had formed his determination to ride to Edinburgh next day, and make the best bargain he could in the way of compromise. He went to bed with this resolution, and, with all the circumstances of the case floating upon his mind, had a dream to the following purpose. His father, who had been many years dead, appeared to him, he thought, and asked him why he was so disturbed in his mind. In dreams men are not surprised at such apparitions. Mr. R. thought that he informed his father of the cause of his distress, adding, that the payment of a considerable sum of money was the more unpleasant to him, because he had a strong consciousness that it was not due, though he was unable to recover any evidence in support of his belief. "You are right, my son," replied the paternal shade; "I did acquire right to these tithes, for payment of which you are now prosecuted. The papers relating to the transaction are in the hands of Mr. —, a writer (or attorney) who is now retired from professional business, and resides at Inveresk, near Edinburgh. He was a person I employed on that occasion for a particular reason, but who never, on any other occasion, transacted business on my account. It is very possible," pursued the vision, "that Mr. — may have forgotten a matter which is now of a very old date; but you may call it to his recollection by this token, that, when I came to pay his account, there was difficulty in getting change for a Portugal piece of gold, and that we were forced to drink out the balance at a tavern."

Mr. R. awoke in the morning, with all the words of the vision imprinted on his mind, and thought it worth while to ride across the country to Inveresk, instead of going straight to Edinburgh. When he came there, he waited on the gentleman mentioned in the dream, a very old man. Without saying anything of the vision, he inquired whether he remembered having conducted such a matter for his deceased father. The old gentleman could not at first bring the circumstances to his recollection, but, on mention of the Portugal piece of gold, the whole returned upon his memory; he made an immediate search for the papers, and recovered them, so that Mr. R. carried to Edinburgh the documents necessary to gain the cause which he was on the verge of losing."

"There is every reason," says Dr. Abercrombie, "to believe that this very interesting case is referable to the principle lately mentioned; that the gentleman had heard the circumstances from his father, but had entirely forgotten them, until the frequent and intense application of his mind to the subject with which they were connected at length gave rise to a train of association which recalled them in the dream. To the same principle are referable the two following anecdotes, which I have received as entirely authentic; the first of them from the individual to whom it occurred. A gentleman of the law in Edinburgh had mislaid an important paper connected with the conveyance of a property which was to be settled on a particular day. Most anxious search had been made for it for many days, but the evening of the day previous to that on which the parties were to meet for the final settlement had arrived, without the paper being discovered. The son of the gentleman then went to bed under much anxiety and disappointment, and dreamt that at the time the missing paper was delivered to his father, his table was covered with papers connected with the affairs of a particular client. He awoke under the impression, went immediately to a box appropriated to the papers of that client, and there found the paper they had been in search of, which had been tied up by mistake in a parcel to which it was in no way related. Another individual connected with a public office had mislaid a paper of such importance, that he was threatened with the loss of his situation if he did not produce it. After a long but unsuccessful search, under intense anxiety, he also dreamt of discovering the paper in a particular place, and found it there accordingly. In seeking to account for these instances, we must keep in mind that often occurrences fail to make any impression upon us, and do not become objects of conscious memory, although the memory of persons who were in our company at the time proves that we had full opportunities of observing and receiving impressions from them. When an effort is made to remind us of such circumstances we are apt to deny their occurrence, having not the slightest recollection of them. But in such cases it would appear that an impression has been made, although no record of it has been kept; and accordingly some particular association may recall it. We have only to suppose conditions particularly favourable for the revival of such impressions as occurring at certain times during sleep, to account for the class of dreams under consideration. They seem, however, to prove that the mind sometimes enjoys an unusual clearness in sleep—that there is, in short, a peculiar lucidity occasionally experienced while we are in that state, which generally appears as a suspension of the mental powers."

We now approach the class of dreams which the superstitious are apt to set down as supernatural, but of which, of course, we can only conclude that we are ignorant of the natural principle concerned. Some dreams of this kind are mentioned by old writers. For example, Marcus Antonius learned in his dreams several remedies for spitting of blood. Galen, having an inflammation of the diaphragm, was directed by a dream to open a vein between the fourth finger and thumb—an operation which restored him to health. "It is related of Sir Christopher Wren, that, when at Paris in 1671, being disordered with "a pain in his reins," he sent for a physician, who prescribed blood-letting; but he deferred submitting to it, and dreamed that very night that he was in a place where palm-trees grew, and that a woman in a romantic habit offered dates to him. The next day he sent for dates, which cured him."* It is possible that in these instances the remedies suggested may have been mere revivals of knowledge formerly acquired, but forgotten in the interval. But such a surmise is inapplicable to the following case, related by Dr. Abercrombie:—"A gentleman in Edinburgh was affected with aneurism of the popliteal artery, for which he was under the care of two eminent surgeons, and the day was fixed for the operation. About two days before the time appointed for it, the wife of the patient dreamt that a change had taken place in the disease, in con-

sequence of which the operation would not be required. On examining the tumor in the morning, the gentleman was astonished to find that the pulsation had entirely ceased; and, in short, this turned out to be a spontaneous cure. To persons not professional, it may be right to mention, that the cure of popliteal aneurism without an operation is a very uncommon occurrence, not happening in one out of numerous instances, and never to be looked upon as probable in any individual case." One cannot but be struck with the resemblance of this case to the alleged instances of clairvoyance among the practisers of animal magnetism. It is but proper, however, to advert to the explanation suggested by Dr. Abercrombie, unsatisfactory as it is. "It is likely," says he, "that the lady had heard of the possibility of such a termination [to her husband's illness], and that her anxiety had very naturally embodied it in a dream: the fulfilment of it at the very time when the event took place is certainly," he admits, "a very remarkable coincidence."

Dr. Abercrombie also relates a story which has been long current in Edinburgh, and the authenticity of which he believes there is no reason to doubt. "A clergyman had come to this city from a short distance in the country, and was sleeping at an inn, when he dreamt of seeing a fire, and one of his children in the midst of it. He awoke with the impression, and instantly left town on his return home. When he arrived within sight of his house, he found it on fire, and got there in time to assist in saving one of his children, who, in the alarm and confusion, had been left in a situation of danger." The learned author deems it possible that this dream might have been suggested by an anxiety, on the part of the dreamer, about the consequences of a fire happening at his house in his absence. He adds a few more cases, which he vouches for as entirely authentic. "A lady dreamt that an aged female relative had been murdered by a black servant; and the dream occurred more than once. She was then so impressed by it, that she went to the house of the lady to whom it related, and prevailed upon a gentleman to watch in an adjoining room during the following night. About three o'clock in the morning, the gentleman hearing footsteps on the stair, left his place of concealment, and met the servant carrying up a quantity of coals. Being questioned as to where he was going, he replied, in a confused and hurried manner, that he was going to mend his mistress's fire; which, at three o'clock in the morning, in the middle of summer, was evidently impossible; and, on further investigation, a strong knife was found concealed beneath the coals. Another lady dreamt that a boy, her nephew, had been drowned along with some young companions with whom he had engaged to go on a sailing excursion in the Firth of Forth. She sent for him in the morning, and with much difficulty prevailed upon him to give up his engagement: his companions went, and were all drowned. A lady in Edinburgh had sent her watch to be repaired; a long time elapsed without her being able to recover it; and, after many excuses, she began to suspect that something was wrong. She now dreamt that the watchmaker's boy, by whom the watch was sent, had dropt it in the street, and injured it in such a manner that it could not be repaired. She then went to the master, and, without any allusion to her dream, put the question to him directly, when he confessed that it was true." On these cases our author remarks, "Such coincidences derive their wonderful character from standing alone, and apart from those numerous instances in which such dreams take place without any fulfilment." But this is not a satisfactory explanation of coincidences so extremely peculiar, and we are tempted to imagine that a law is concerned of which we are ignorant.

Here it may not be inappropriate to relate a circumstance which happened to the writer of a somewhat similar nature, though he was awake at the time. I was walking home to dinner, when a train of association brought to my mind the apparatus erected near my house for the sports of my children, and the idea of a painful accident occasioned thereby was pressed forcibly on my mind, though this is a subject on which I am in general remarkably free from anxiety. I, as it were, saw before me a particular child with a deep gash upon her cheek occasioned by a fall, and so strong was the impression, that I could have scarcely suffered more from the sight of the actual object. Immediately after, I reflected upon the explanation usually given of such presentiments, which happen to be coincident with actual occurrences, namely, that we hear only of the rare and occasional hits, and never of the numerous exceptions. Of course, thought I, this is one of the numerous cases in which nothing occurs, and which are therefore overlooked. And this idea was not the less received by me, that the incident was of a kind of which I had no former experience. But in the course of the evening I was called out of my room by a servant, who seemed to have something very serious to communicate, and, being taken up stairs to one of the children's bed-rooms, there found that one of them, different, however, from the one pictured in my vision (if I may so call it), had had a gash of two inches long inflicted on the crown of her head, from coming violently in contact with the belting of the room while indulging in a game of romps in bed. If this were one coincidence out of many cases of failure, it would not be worthy of notice; but as the only such case of presentiment I have any recollection of experiencing, it appears to me remarkable. It also tends to support the analogy which seems to exist between sleeping and waking conditions."

Having quoted already rather too liberally from Dr. Abercrombie, I shall not adopt any of his examples of the highest class of marvellous dreams, but present, instead, a few which have been communicated by a respected correspondent:—"A young lady on the eve of marriage, dreamed one night that she and her lover were walking along a pleasant path side by side. Wide-spreading trees waved their lofty branches above their heads; her lover turned to her with a smile, and asked if he should show her the home which he had provided. She longed to see it, and they pursued their way; they came to a tangled thicket, through which they found a difficulty in passing. At last they suddenly came to an opening; a grave lay open before them; the yew, the cypress, and other dark evergreens were seen on every side; her lover pointed to the grave, and said, "There is our home." She awakened in violent agitation. The dream made a dreadful impression on her, and in a few days after, her lover's death was announced to her. She fell into a state of deep dejection, from which her sisters made every effort to rouse her; she attended them in their walks, but was ever pensive and sad. One day, while they were making some purchases in a shop, she loitered listlessly at the door. A woman carrying a basket filled with bunches of sprigs tied up together, advanced towards her, and asked her to purchase some. "I do not want them," she replied without raising her heavy melancholy eyes from the ground. "Ah! miss if you don't want them to dress out your rooms, you might like to have them to strew over the grave of some one that you love." These words touched the right chord, and she raised her sad eyes to the basket; there she saw bunches of the very same evergreens which her dream had exhibited round the grave of her lover. "Let me have the whole basket," she said, "at whatever price you please." Her sisters (from whom I had these particulars) found her pale and faint, with the basket which she had just purchased by her side. She planted the branch-

* Millingen's Curiosities of Medical Experience.

es round the grave of her lover; some took root, and are now waving their green boughs over the faithful heart that lies buried there.

"Not less remarkable was the dream of Captain F—, a man of exemplary piety, and the strictest veracity. He was in the East India Company's service, and having served one-and-twenty years, was about to return to his native country on leave of absence for three years. Some nights before his departure from Calcutta he had a dream that his father died. It was so vivid, and so minutely circumstantial, that it made a very deep impression on him, and he entered all the particulars and the date into his pocket-book. In about six months after, on his arrival in London, he found letters from Ireland, where his family resided, waiting for him. They announced the death of his father, which had occurred on the very night of his dream. This was so singular, that when he joined his sister a few days after, he desired her to enter into no particulars relative to his father's death till she should hear him. "Sarah," said he, "I believe that my father did not die in his own room—his bed was in the parlour." "It was, it was indeed," replied she; "he had it brought down a short time after he was taken ill, to save him the fatigue of going up and down stairs." "I will show you the spot where it was placed," said Captain F—; he immediately pointed out the situation of the bed, exactly where it had been. He showed where the coffin had been laid; there was nothing connected with the melancholy event which he could not detail as minutely as those who had actually been present. Strange as all this may appear, it is nevertheless perfectly true. I have frequently heard it from Captain F— himself, and from his wife and sister.

"Dr D—, who was Bishop of Down some years since, had a son, a very fine boy, a great darling of his parents. At breakfast one morning the child turned eagerly to his mother, by whose side he was sitting, and said, "On, mamma, I had a very odd dream last night; I thought there was a very curious and a very pretty box brought here, and it was to be my own, own box; my name was on it, and my age, and the day of the month, and the year; it wasn't like any of your boxes, mamma, but it was a great deal nicer, and a great deal prettier; it was a very odd-shaped one though; I never saw such a one; mamma, I'll show you what it was like." The child took some crumbs from his plate, and traced out the exact form of a coffin. "Mamma, wasn't that a curious box?" His mother was not superstitious, yet she felt her heart die within her, and she could not bear to let her boy out of her sight all day. It grew late, and it was time that she and the bishop should dress for a dinner party to which they were engaged. While they were at their toilet, the little boy went to the stable where the horses were being harnessed for the carriage in which his father and mother were to go. The boy prevailed on the groom to let him get on one of the horses, and he went to ride round the yard; the animal being spirited, and the child not being able to manage him, he was flung on the hard pavement, and killed on the spot."

The first question which occurs respecting such dreams is, can the recital be depended upon? On this point we should think universal doubt were preposterous, considering that so many such circumstances have been detailed by respectable persons. The next question with many minds will be, are they natural events? Here we should suppose no enlightened person could hesitate for a moment to answer in the affirmative. As natural events, then, how are they to be accounted for? The only reply is, that the principle, if it be one, is unknown to us.

The subject of dreaming is unfortunate in its being so much a matter of vulgar wonderment, for intelligent inquirers are thereby repelled from it. When regarded apart from all absurd marvelling, it is evidently a curious department of psychology, and one which deserves careful investigation. By a proper collection of facts on this subject, I have no doubt that an important advance might be made in the science of mind.

MARSTON; OR, THE MEMOIRS OF A STATESMAN.

PART XIII.—(Continued.)

Every hour now produced its event. A general *feu de joie*, announced the first great success of the campaign; Mayence had been taken, with its garrison of 20,000 men. The French general, Custine, had made an unsuccessful attack on the lines of the besiegers, to relieve the fortress in its last extremity, had been beaten, and driven back into the Vosges, where he was at liberty to starve among the most barren mountains of France. But this intelligence came qualified by the formidable rumour that Prussia was already making terms with the French, that it had acknowledged the government as the "Republic," and even that the Prussians had sung the *Marseillaise*. Thus we had the light and shade.

But while politicians tremble, soldiers are gay. What were all those shiftings and doublings to us! We had all the luxuries of the most luxurious of all lives, the foreign camp. We had now marched from the country of fogs and bogs, and were moving through the richest soil, and not the least beautiful landscape, of the Continent. Holland was left behind, Flanders was round us, France was before us. We had the finest army of Europe, untouched by disaster, confident in its strength, and the enemy in full flight. If we despised the fugitives, we fully as much despised the politicians; the man with the sword in his hand naturally scorns the man with the pen behind his ear. Thus we galloped, danced, and dreamed on. The spring, too, had come; the harshness of a foreign winter had been changed within a few days to the delightful softness of early summer. The fields were covered with flowers, and the country was filled with the preparations for the rural fêtes of the first of May. I enjoyed the scene doubly, for I had been sent along with a squadron of dragoons to the advanced posts, and thus escaped the turmoil of the camp. My quarters were in one of the old Flemish country-houses, which had been the head-quarters of the French general, and had thus escaped the usual ravage. The chateau was large, well furnished in the national fashion, and the half-dozen domestics who remained after the escape of their master, were charmed with the expenditure which always follows the presence of English troops. My companion, the captain of dragoons, was one of the finest specimens of his country—the heir of a noble family, generous and gay, brave as his own sword, and knowing as little of the soldier's life as became a young aristocrat with the prospect of thirty thousand a-year. He insisted on our giving a ball to the Flemings; and our invitations were sent out accordingly for half a dozen leagues round. They included, of course, the camp; and every loanger who could obtain leave for the night came crowding in upon us. No thing could succeed better. All was festivity within doors. But not so all without, for the night suddenly changed from serenity to storm. England is not the only spot famed for fickleness of atmosphere. By midnight every beech and elm round the chateau was tossing and bending down to the roots, and a heavy snowfall was already sheeting the fields. As the storm rose, it occurred to me to ascertain what provision might have been made against it by our soldiers, who were lodged in the barns and extensive outhouses of the chateau. Leaving my

dragoon friend to act as master of the ceremonies, I sallied forth. The storm was now at its height; and it was with some difficulty that I could make my way. In the midst of the excessive darkness, I felt some animal make a sudden spring on me, which nearly brought me to the ground. Wolves were not common in the country, but there had been some instances of their issuing from the forests, and my first idea was that I had been thus attacked. But the barking and bounding of a dog soon put an end to this conception; and I recognised in my assailant the huge house-dog of the chateau, with whom I had already struck up a particular friendship. More sharp-sighted than myself, he had rushed across the wood after me, and exhibited all imaginable rejoicing at the rencontre. I reached the barns, found all my men wrapped in that quiet which cares nothing for the troubles of kings and cabinet councils, and was preparing to return, when Caesar, with every demonstration of having found something of importance, brought me a letter which he had dug out of the snow. By the light of the lantern, I discovered it to be the report of an engineer officer dispatched from the French army to ascertain the condition of our outposts, informing the head of the staff of an intended ball, and proposing a plan for carrying off the whole party together. I was thunderstruck. The letter was dated three days before, and though evidently dropped by some negligence of the officer, yet giving full time for him to make his report in person, and bring the force necessary for our capture. If it succeeded, an exploit of this order might have paralysed the whole campaign, for nearly the entire staff of the army, besides a crowd of regimental officers of all grades, were within the walls of the chateau.

I hastened back, showed the report to one or two of the principal officers in private, for the purpose of avoiding alarm to our fair partners, and we then considered what means were left to protect us from the approaching catastrophe. Our little council of war was nearly as much perplexed as matters of this kind are in general; and the propositions, various as they were, came finally to the usual result, that we had got into a scrape, and that we must get out of it as well as we could. To send the ladies away was impossible, in a tempest which already flooded every road, and with all the trees crashing over their heads. To expect reinforcements from the camp, at such a distance, and in such weather, was hopeless; with the recollection that the whole affair might be over in the next quarter of an hour, and our entire assembly be in march before the French hussars. This was the first occasion of my responsibility as a soldier; and I learned, from this time forth, to give commanders-in-chief some credit for their responsibility. The agonies of that half hour I have never forgotten. Military failure was nothing compared to the universal shame and blighting which must fall on the officer who suffered such a disgrace to be inflicted on him in the presence of the whole army; and such a calamity to arrest the progress of that army, if not the hopes of Europe. My resolution was desperately but decidedly taken, if the post fell into the enemy's hands, on that night to throw away my sword and abandon my profession, unless some French bayonet or bullet relieved me from all the anxieties of this feverish world. To offer the command of the post to any of the superior officers present was, as I well knew, contrary to rule; and on me and the dragoon devolved the whole duty.

But this state of almost nervous torture was as brief as it was painful, and my faculties became suddenly clear. The service of outposts was a branch of soldiiership, at that period, wholly unpractised by the British troops; but I had seen it already on its most perfect scale in the Prussian retreat, which I and my hussars had our share in covering. My first step was to warn my soldiers and the dragoons of the probability of attack, and my second to call for a favourite quadrille, in which I saw all our guests busily engaged before I left the chateau. My next was to repeat my Prussian lesson in reconnoitring all the avenues to the house. This, which ought to have been our first act on taking possession, had been neglected, in the common belief that the enemy were in full retreat. The gallant captain of dragoons prepared to take a gallop at the head of a party along the *chassée*, and ascertain whether there were any symptoms of movement along the road. He mounted and was gone. Posting the dragoons in the farm-yard, I went to the front to make such preparations as the time might allow for the enemy. Like the greater number of the Flemish chateaux, it was approached by a long avenue lined with stately trees; but it wanted the customary canal or the fosse, which, however detestable as an accompaniment to the grounds in peace, makes a tolerable protection in times of war, at least from marauding parties. All was firm, grand, and open, except where the garden walls and hedges of the lawn shut it in. As the avenue was the only approach accessible to cavalry, and as this was the force which would probably be used for a *coup-de-main*, if it were to be attempted at all, I set all hands to work to secure it. Wild as the night was, my men wielded the spade and mattock with good will; and we had completed a trench of some feet deep and wide, half across the road, when I caught the trampling of cavalry at a distance. My chagrin was irrepressible; the enemy would be upon us before we had got through our work, and we must be taken or fly. My men worked vigorously; but the cavalry were upon us—and to my utter astonishment and infinite relief, our labours produced a roar of laughter. The party were our dragoons, who had looked for the French advance in vain, and were now amusing themselves with our waste of toil. We forgave them their jest; they passed, and we prepared to follow to our quarters. But still the French officer's report haunted me; the precision of its terms, and the feasibility of the enterprise itself, struck with new force; and even after I had given the word to move, I halted the men, and climbing a little pleasure turret by the side of the avenue, gave a parting glance round the horizon. Nothing was to be seen. The night was dark as a dungeon, and I prepared to descend, when at that moment the distant sound of a trumpet broke on the air. I listened, and thought that I recognised the French call for cavalry to saddle and mount. I sprang down; every man piled his arms, took spade and mattock in hand once more, and in a few minutes the trench was completed across the road. Still no further notice of approaching troops was to be heard; and I heard a low, but rather provoking laugh among my company. Still I determined to persevere, and ordering some of the trees round us to be cut down, formed a rude species of *château-de-frise* in front of our trench. It was scarcely finished, when the distant trampling of cavalry was heard in the lull of the gale. All were now convinced, and dispatching a notice to the dragoons to be ready, we stood to our arms. Giving the strictest orders that not a word should be spoken, nor a shot fired, I waited for the enemy. The trampling increased every moment, and it was evident that the body of cavalry must be large, though of its actual numbers we could form no conjecture. They suddenly stopped at the entrance of the avenue, and I was in fear that my *tron-de-rat* would be discovered; but the national impatience soon spared me this vexation. The cavalry, hearing nothing in the shape of resistance, and not relishing the pelting of the storm in the open country, rushed in without further search, and came pouring on at the gallop. The avenue was long, and the whole corps was already within it, when the

leading squadrons came at full speed upon my rude fortifications. In they dashed, into the very heart of my *chevaux-de-frise*. Nothing could equal the confusion. Some sprang over the trees, but it was only to be flung into the trench; some even leaped the trench, but it was only to be met with our bayonets. The greater number, startled by the cries of their unlucky comrades in front, attempted to rein back; but found it impossible, from the weight of the squadrons still pushing on from behind. At this point, while they stood a struggling mass, wholly unable to move either backward or forward, I gave the word to fire, and poured in a volley with terrible execution. An ineffectual firing of pistols was their only return. Some of their officers now rushed to the front, with the usual gallantry of their character, called on their men to advance, and charged the trench; but this dash only filled it with falling men and horses. I gave them a second volley, which was followed by a howl of despair; the whole of their leading squadron was brought down—every shot had told. The mass still stood, evidently taken by surprise, and wholly unable to extricate themselves. I now ordered our dragoons to mount, take a circuit to the head of the avenue, and, if possible, close them in. In a few minutes, I heard the effect of my order in their galloping through the enclosures, and in the shout of a charge at the further end of the avenue. The staff and other officers in the chateau had hurried out at the sound of our firing, and some had come up to us, and others had joined the dragoons. A proposal was now sent by a general officer to the commandant of the brigade, to surrender, with a threat of being put to the sword in case of an instant's delay. The brave Frenchman was indignant at the proposal, and threatened to hang the bearer of it to the next tree. But the British camp had palpably been alarmed by this time. Bugles and trumpets were heard in every direction. Our dragoons had already shut up the avenue; and after some slight discussion, the advance of a few squadrons more, which came up at the gallop, proved the total impossibility of escape, and the affair was at an end. This night's *mille* had no rival in the campaign; it put into our hands twelve hundred of the best cavalry in the French army, and almost wholly stripped the enemy of the means protecting his flanks, while it made a most brilliant figure in the Gazette—the true triumph of the British soldier.

To me, it was a restoration of life from the depths of despair. It may be perfectly true, that many a post has been surprised, and many an officer captured, without being objects of penalty, or even of public observation; but my case was different. My character as a soldier was essential to my existence. The eyes of many, at home and abroad, were on me; and the scorn of one, wherever she was, would have been fatal to me. But of those bitter extremes I say no more; my spirit was buoyant with a sense that I had done my duty in the most effective style. Nor was I left to my solitary sense on the subject. My return to the chateau was as triumphant as if I had gained a pitched battle at the head of a hundred thousand men. Our fair guests, who had spent the hour before in terrors of instant capture, were boundless in their congratulations and expressions of gratitude. The officers, to whom my defence had made the entire difference between a French prison and liberty, spoke in the manifest and most cheering terms of my conduct. The scene of the struggle was visited during the day by every officer of the army who could obtain a horse and an hour's leave; and the report which was forwarded to the commander-in-chief contained language which was regarded as a sure pledge of promotion.

Guiseard hurried over to join in the congratulation. He had been employed until a late hour in sending despatches to his court, relative to the growing problems of our politics with Prussia; and taking the first opportunity of throwing aside the envoy, he came at a gallop to shake hands with me. His impatience to see the ground scarcely suffered him to sit down at table; his toast to the brave British army was given, and we went out to traverse the avenue. After having inspected every corner of it with his keen military glance—"You will find my theory right," said he; "war is always a succession of mistakes. There never has been a battle fought, in which even the successful general could not point out a series of his own blunders, any one of which might have ruined him. The only distinction is, that there are brilliant mistakes and stupid ones. Yours was of the former order—the Frenchman's of the latter. If, instead of sending his whole brigade headlong down the road, like clowns at a fair, he had dismounted half a squadron of his dragoons, and sent them to fire into the casements of the chateau, while he kept the rest of his men in hand in the neighbourhood, he must have captured every soul of the party, and by this time had you all fast at the French headquarters; but he blundered, and he has paid the price of blundering." To my laughing reply, "that there was at least some merit in the steadiness of the men who beat him"—"Of course," was his answer. "The English steadiness is like the English fire, the grand cure for the English contempt of the tactician. Yours is an army of grenadiers; you are fit for nothing but assaults; but it must be owned that your troops of old managed that part of their business well, and I dare say that the art is not lost among you yet. Still, there are other matters to be thought of. Pray," said he, turning his keen eye to me, "can any one in the chateau tell how near is the French army to-night?" I acknowledged my ignorance. "I ask the question," said he, "because I think it by no means improbable, that they are at this moment marching down upon you. Not that they can afford to lose a brigade of cavalry at night, and I therefore think you safe enough for the twelve hours to come; but I am far from answering for the next twenty-four. Dampierre commands them; I know him well—he is a bold and also a clever fellow; the loss of his cavalry last night will leave him no alternative but to attack you or to meet the guillotine. Those are fine times to make a general officer look about him. My last letters from the Rhine state that the two generals of the two covering armies on the frontier have been put under arrest, and that they are now both on their way to Paris, from which Custine and Beaubarnais will never return with their heads on their shoulders."

I shuddered at this fate of brave men, overcome only by circumstances, and asked whether it was possible that such a system could last, or in any case could be endured by men with swords in their hands.

"It can, and will," was the reply. "Soldiers are the simplest race of mankind, when they come in contact with the cunning men of cities. An army, showy and even successful as it may be, is always an instrument and no more—a terrible instrument, I grant you, but as much in the hands of the civilian as one of your howitzers is in the hands of the men who load and fire it. At this moment sixty commissioners, ruffians and cut-throats to a man—fellows whom the true soldier abhors, and who are covered with blood from top to toe—are on their way from Paris to the headquarters of the fourteen armies of the republic. Woe be to the general who has a will of his own! Those fellows will arrest him in the midst of his own staff, carry him off in the presence of his army, and send him to give a popular holiday to the Parisians, by his execution within half an hour after his arrival. So much for the power of an army."

"But Frenchmen are human beings after all. Must not those horrors revolt human nature?" was my question, put with indignant sincerity. He looked at me with a quiet smile.

"You are romantic, Marston, but you are of an age that becomes romance. When you shall have lived as long as I have done, and seen as much of the world as myself, you will know that it is utterly selfish. It may be true, that some generous spirits are to be found here and there, some fond hearts to cling to, some noble natures which inspire an involuntary homage for their superiority; but you might as well expect to be lighted on your way by a succession of meteors. In the world, you will find that every man carries his lantern for himself; and that whether small or great his light, the first object is to guide his own steps, with not the slightest care whether yours may not be into the swamp—unless, indeed, he may have a particular object in bewildering you into the very heart of it. But now, to more pressing affairs than my honest and luckless philosophy. Get leave from your colonel to take a ride with me. I feel a sudden wish to know what Dampierre is doing; and a few hours, and as few leagues, may supply us with information on points which your brave countrymen seem so constitutionally to despise. But recollect that I am a Prussian."

We returned to the table, which was crowded with visitors, and spent an hour or two in great enjoyment; for what enjoyment can be higher than the conversation of minds willing to give and receive intellectual pleasure? And Guiseard was never more animated, easy, and abundant, in communicating that pleasure. He was a model of the most accomplished order of the continental gentleman. He had commenced life as a scholar; a disappointment in his affections drove him into the army. He discovered that he was made for the profession; and, combining the accomplished diplomatist with the almost chivalric soldier, he had rapidly risen to the highest rank of the royal staff. But he had the still rarer qualities of a sincere heart, and was a firm and willing friend.

The orderly now returned with the leave for which I had applied. The post was left in charge of the captain of dragoons; and Guiseard and I, without mentioning our purpose, rode out quietly, as if to enjoy the cool of the evening. It was well worth enjoying. The storm had gone down at day-break, and been succeeded by a glowing sun; the fields flourished again, and if I had been disposed to forget the tremendous business which might be preparing for the morrow, I might have lingered long over the matchless luxuriance of the Flemish landscape. There certainly never was one which gave slighter evidence of the approach of two hostile armies. From the first hill which we ascended, the view, for leagues round, exhibited nothing but the rich tranquillity of a country wholly agricultural; soft uplands, covered with cattle grazing; ploughed fields, purpling in the twilight; clumps of trees sheltering villages, from which the smoke of the evening fires rose slowly on the almost breathless air, giving an impression of the comfort and plenty of the meal within; and at intervals, some huge old chateau, with its buttressed and richly-wrought architecture—those carvings and colourings which so strikingly convey the idea of a past age of quaint luxury and lavish wealth—rose from the centre of its beech-grove, glaring against the sunset, as if it had been suddenly covered with a sheet of gold. All was peace, and the few peasants whom we met, as the night fell, were all in the same tale, that there had been no parols in their neighbourhood of late, and that, with the exception of the attack on the "out-posts of the English," they had not heard or seen any thing of the French for a month before.

The night had now fallen, and though calm, it was one of remarkable darkness. We passed village after village, but by this time all were fast asleep, and except the disturbance of the house-dogs as we rode by, not a sound was to be heard. I felt every inclination to take my share of "nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep," and proposed to my companion to turn our horses into the first farm-yard, and "borrow an hour" or two's rest from the farmer's hospitality, and clean straw.

"I agree with you," was the answer, "that Dampierre is clearly not on this road; but that is no reason why he may not be on some other. On considering the matter, I think that we have been wrong in looking for him here; for his national adroitness is much more likely to have tried a movement in any other direction. He may be marching on either the right or the left of the spot where we are standing. And if he is the officer which I believe him to be, he is trying this game at this moment."

"What then is to be done, but ride back to our quarters, unless we should prefer being cut off by his advance?" was my question.

"One thing is to be done," was the reply—"we must not let ourselves be laughed at; and if we return with nothing more for our night's work than the story that we slept in a Flemish barn, we shall be laughed at. So far as I am concerned, I care nothing for the sneers of ignorance; but, my young friend, your late conduct has inevitably made you an object of envy already; and the only way to pluck the sting out of envy, is by giving the envious some new service to think of."

We now agreed to separate, and examine the country to the right and left for an hour precisely, meeting at one of the villages in the road, if no advance of the enemy were discernible within that time. We parted, and I commenced as comfortless an expedition as it would be easy to imagine. The Flemish cross-roads, never very passable, were now deep in mire; the rivulets, of which they are generally the conduits, had been swelled by the storm of the night before; and I floundered on for nearly the appointed time, in the full perplexity of a stray traveller. I was on the point of returning, when I observed a sudden light rising above some farm-houses, about half a league off. The light rapidly strengthened, and I rode forward, in some degree guided by its illumination. But after blazing fiercely for a while, it sank as suddenly as it rose; and I was again left bewildered among hedges and ditches. But a loud hum of voices, followed by the sound of many footsteps, now convinced me that a large body of men were near; though whether peasants roused by the fire, or battalions, I was still unable to discover. While I stood under cover of a clump of trees by the roadside, the question was settled by the march of a patrol of cavalry, followed at brief intervals by squadrons and light troops intermixed. It was evident that Dampierre meditated a surprise of the British forces, and that the whole of his skirmishers were already in motion. How long this movement had continued, or how near the enemy might already have approached to the British camp, was entirely beyond my conjecture; and for the first few moments, the probability of the surprise, and the possibility of my being already so completely within the range of the French march as to preclude my bearing the intelligence in sufficient time, made the drops of anxiety and perturbation roll down my forehead. But every thing must be tried. I no longer attempted to wind my way back through the network of lanes; but, in the spirit of an English sportsman, took the country in a straight line towards the British quarters. My horse, a thorough English hunter, evidently preferred

leaping the Flemish fences to wading his way through the swamps; and I had the honour of bringing the first information, and the happiness of finding that I had brought it just in the right time.

The camp was immediately under arms; every preparation was made in a silence which gave me a high conception of the capabilities of the British soldier for every species of service; and, without a sound among ten thousand men, we waited for the approach of the enemy.

Dampierre's manoeuvre had been a dashing one—conceived and managed with the skill of an able officer. His purpose had been to throw his main body into the rear of our position; and while he drew off our attention by a false attack on our front, avail himself of the confusion of a night attack to crush us. Whether the fighting qualities of the Englishman would not have made him repent of his plan under any circumstances, is no longer the question; but the surprise was now wholly his own. The first volley which we poured into his columns, as they crept up stealthily towards our line, was so heavy that it finished the battle. By the blaze of the musketry, we could see the French masses actually rolling back upon each other, staggering and shaken like landmen at sea, or like any man in an earthquake. Our cavalry were now ordered to follow; but the enemy were too quick in making their escape; and the intersected nature of the country forbade any continued pursuit. A few shots from our howitzers, which ripped up the ground after them, were all that we could send as our parting present; and the engagement, which began in such silence and sternness, finished in roars of laughter from all our battalions.

Day broke, and the order was issued to follow the French general. The troops, animated by the prospect of coming to action at last, and utterly wearied with the idleness of the camp, received the intelligence with shouts; and the whole moved rapidly forward. Dampierre, before his march of the previous night, had provided for casualty, by forming an intrenched camp in the famous position of Famars. It was strong by nature, and he had added to its strength by covering it with fieldworks, and a powerful artillery. It was late in the day before we came within sight of it; and its strength, from the height of its glacis—the natural glacis made by a succession of sloping hills—was all displayed to full and formidable advantage. The troops, fatigued with the length of the march under the burning sun of one of the hottest days which I ever felt, were halted at the foot of the heights; and the plans of attack proposed were various enough to have perplexed the Aulic Council itself. Lines of circumvallation, or bombardment, or waiting the effect of famine, were successively urged. But the British style prevailed at last over the scientific. The Guards were ordered to head the column which was to storm the lines in front, and columns on the right and left were put in motion at the same instant. We rushed forward under a general discharge of the French artillery and musketry, and in a quarter of an hour the position was in our hand. The difficulty of its approach, and the broken nature of the ground in its rear, enabled the French general to make his retreat with the chief part of his forces. But our prize was well worth the trouble; for we brought back two thousand prisoners, and the whole artillery in position.

The war had now begun in earnest; and our advance was unintermitted. On the eighth day from the storm of Famars, we again came in sight of Dampierre. He was now the assailant; our army, which had never exceeded ten thousand men, (such was the military parsimony of those days,) with the Prussian troops, and some of the smaller German contingents, were now unwisely spread to cover a line of nearly thirty miles. The French general had seized the opportunity of retaliaing his ill fortune upon the allied troops. At daybreak we were roused by the tidings that the French had broken through our weak extended line in several places, and had got into the rear of the whole army. The force of the enemy, its direction, or its object, were alike matters of total ignorance; and, for some hours, it was impossible to obtain any exact information.

It was in vain that we adopted all the usual expedients, of detaching officers, examining peasants, or judging of the progress of the engagement by the sound of the advancing or retreating fire. We had only to wait, drawn up ready for action, and take our chance of the result. Of all the contingencies of the field, none is more perplexing; but I had a personal source of anxiety to add to the general vexation. I had every reason to believe that my excellent friend, Guiscard, had either fallen into the hands of the enemy, or had been killed on the night when we separated. If either misfortune had occurred, it was solely in consequence of his zeal for my character, and the thought inexpressibly distressed me. I had made the most persevering enquiries for him, but without any success; or rather, with a painful gathering of facts, all which told against my feelings. His horse had been found straying through the country; his helmet had been also found; and a fragment of a sabre, in a spot evidently much trampled, and which, therefore, appeared to be the scene of the personal rencontre in which he had probably fallen. Every thing had been found but his body.

At length, the firing, which had continued with more or less steadiness during the day, approached our position, and we were ordered to advance. The country was now a portion of an ancient forest, and it was difficult to see in front of us beyond a few hundred yards. As we made way, we could hear not only the musketry but the shouting of the troops engaged; as, growing constantly more impatient, we pressed on, a mounted officer came galloping towards us. Judge of my astonishment and delight when I saw Guiscard. As he reined up beside me—

"I have not a moment," said he, "to speak to you; you shall hear of my adventures by and by. I was in as much fear for you as you probably was for me. But now, tell me where I am to look for the officer in command of the column."

The general was soon found, and Guiscard communicated to him that the enemy had concentrated his chief force directly in front of us, where a Prussian column had been posted: that the Prussians had resisted vigorously several successive attacks; but that the force converging on it was too powerful, and that it must speedily retire. "Then let it retire," was the general's reply, "and we shall take their place."

"Pardon me, general," was the prompt suggestion of the pupil of a more experienced school; "but, if you will permit me, I shall ride back to my countrymen, inform them of your advance, and make them hold their position until you come from the forest upon the enemy's flank."

His opinion was received, and he put spurs to his horse and was gone. We now moved with all speed to the right of our former direction; and after half an hour's toiling through the intricacies of a wood on which no axe seemed to have fallen since the Deluge, passed round the enemy, and came full upon their rear. A few volleys, thrown in upon them in this state of alarm, broke them; the Prussian fire in front, and our's in the rear, made their disorder irreparable. In this crisis, Dampierre rushed forward with a group of aides-de-camp to re-

store the engagement, striking the fugitives with his sabre, and desperately exposing his person to the balls which now fell thick as hail around him. For a while he seemed to bear a charmed life; but a rifleman of the Prussian hulans took a sure aim. He fired, and I saw the unfortunate general fall from his horse. He had died instantly. A more gallant death, and scarcely a more expeditious one than awaited the unsuccessful generals of the merciless Republic. We buried him on the spot where he fell, with the honours due to a distinguished soldier. Before nightfall the French had retired in all quarters; and the remnant of the troops hurried across the Flemish frontier, utterly disheartened and routed.

This engagement, which was known long after as the battle of the forest of Vicogne, cleared the Netherlands, raised the fame of the British troops to the highest pitch, and left in their hands four thousand prisoners.

The councils of the allied camp now assumed a bolder tone. France was before us. The popular enthusiasm had been cooled by time and calamity. Defeat had taught the nation the folly of supposing that it could contend single-handed with Europe; and the only obstacle to our march to Paris was the line of fortresses erected by Louis XIV. The most powerful of these fortresses lay in the road by which the British columns were advancing; and it was with a singular mixture of rejoicing and anxiety, of ardour and awe, that I saw, at the breaking of a brilliant morning, spread beneath me the strong city of Valenciennes.

Miscellaneous Articles.

LITERARY ANECDOTES.

A printer at Paris wrote a tragedy called *Joshua*, which he printed in the most beautiful type, and gave a copy to the celebrated Bodoni, a brother printer at Parma. "What do you think of my tragedy?" asked the author. "Full of beauties!" exclaimed Bodoni; "your characters are perfect—exquisite—especially the capitals!"

It is impossible to avoid the use of terms of art. An author, while discussing the corn-law question, was heard to inquire what price bread was published at; and a printer's boy, just returned from delivering a letter, declared that he found the place out at last, "but it was at the top of the house, and he had to open half a quire of doors before he got to it."

Louis XIV. was presented with an epitaph on Moliere by an indifferent poet. "I would rather," said his majesty, "that Moliere had brought me yours."

Cardinal Mazarin kept a complete collection of the libels written against him; it amounted to forty-six quarto volumes.

Rivalro said of Buffon's son, who was a very dolt, that he was the worst chapter of his father's *Natural History*.

Lord William Poulet was said to be the author of a pamphlet called *The Snake in the Grass*. A gentleman abused in it sent him a challenge. Lord William protested his innocence, but the gentleman insisted upon a denial under his hand. Lord William took up a pen and began—"This is too surely that the book called *The Snake*—" "Oh, my lord," said the gentleman, "I am satisfied; your lordship has already convinced me you did not write the book."

Maiherbe having dined with the bishop of Rouen, who was a dull preacher, was asked by him to adjourn from the table to the church, where he was then going to preach. "Pardon me," said Maiherbe, "but I can sleep very well where I am."

The Duke of Cumberland told Dr. Price that he had read his pamphlet on the National Debt with much delight, and sat up so late to finish it, that it had almost blinded him. "Rather strange," said the author, "that it should have such an effect on your royal highness, for it has opened the eyes of everybody else."

Notwithstanding the prohibition of the Koran against paintings and images, the Sultan Mahomed II. had a fancy for the arts, and ordered Gentili Bellini, a Venetian artist, to paint a picture of the beheading of John the Baptist. When the picture was finished, the sultan found fault with the representation of the wounded part; and to show him that his criticism was correct, he immediately drew his scimitar and struck off the head of one of his slaves. Bellini, on leaving the presence, thinking he had caught "an ugly customer," set sail for Venice the same evening.

A Persian philosopher being asked by what method he had acquired so much knowledge, answered, "By not being prevented by shame from asking questions when I was ignorant."

Langhorne travelled to Chichester to visit the grave of Collins, his favourite poet. The sexton having shown him the grave, Langhorne became very sentimental and deeply affected. "Ah!" said the sexton, "you may well grieve for Mr. Collins, for he was an honest man and a first-rate tailor."

Some person reported to the amiable poet Tasso that a malicious enemy spoke ill of him to all the world. "Let him persevere," said Tasso; "his raucous gives me no pain. How much better is it that he should speak ill of me to all the world than that all the world should speak ill of me to him."

Not long since, there might be seen on the window of a dirty little shop in an obscure part of London this announcement:—"Goods removed, messages taken, carpets beat, and poetry composed on any subject."

The fifth edition of a heavy work being announced, a person expressed some surprise, which was answered by one in the secret, "It is the only way to sell the first."

Speaking of the beneficial influence of cheers on a player, it was remarked that they give one courage. "Ay," said Mrs. Siddons, "but what is better—they give one breath."

INFERIORS.—As there are none so weak that we may venture to injure them with impunity, so there are none so low that they may not at some time be able to repay an obligation. Therefore what benevolence would dictate, prudence should confirm. For he that is cautious of insulting the weakest, and not above obliging the lowest, will have attained such habits of forbearance and of complacency as will secure him the good-will of all that are beneath him, and teach him how to avoid the enmity of all that are above him. For he that would not bruise even a worm, will be still more cautious how he treads upon a serpent.

Colton.

EMPLOYERS.—They that are in power should be extremely cautious to commit the execution of their plans not only to those who are able, but to those who are willing. As servants and instruments, it is the duty of the latter to do their best; but their employers are never so sure of them as when their duty is also their pleasure. To commit the execution of a purpose to one who disapproves of the plan of it, is to employ but one-third of the man; his heart and his head are against you—you have commanded only his hands.

Colton.

Latest Intelligence.

FIFTEEN DAYS LATER FROM EUROPE.

By the arrival of the *Caledonia* Steamship at Boston, we have received our files to the 19th ult. The news is of considerable interest, and we give it as full as the space at our command will permit.

LIBERATION OF O'CONNELL.

The day the last steamer sailed, the judges had given their opinions in the House of Lords on the law of the points submitted to them. Of the eleven counts which composed the monster indictment, they pronounced more than half to be either informal or bad. Four of the counts they held to be informal by the finding of the jury, and two to be radically bad. The bad counts are the sixth and seventh, which charge the monster meetings, and form the kernel of the offence. On these points the judges were unanimous. Seven out of the nine were of opinion that the bad and the informal counts did not, nevertheless, vitiate the judgment, while two—Mr. Baron Parke and Mr. Justice Colman—held that the whole proceedings ought to be set aside. The view which the majority of the judges took of the proceedings has been severely criticised, and, gauged by the standard of common sense, it certainly seems extraordinary. One good count in the indictment, say they, was sufficient to uphold the judgment, because the Irish Judges were presumed to know which were the bad and which the good counts, and to have sentenced the traversers accordingly.

This legal fiction cannot, however, be sustained, for this excellent reason, that the Irish Judges on the trial declared, emphatically, those counts to be good which the majority of the English Judges hold to be bad.

This was the state of matters at the sailing of the last steamer. When the House met again on the Wednesday, the discussion was confined to the law peers—the Chancellor, Lords Brougham, Cottenham, Campbell, and Denman. The two first named lawyers were for sustaining the judgment of the "Court below;" the other three for reversing it. Lord Denman, the Chief Justice of the English Queen's Bench, delivered an elaborate opinion, in which he strongly denounced the illegality of the whole proceedings, and characterised the treatment which the traversers had received in the matter of the jury list, as a "mockery, a delusion, and a snare!" Ultimately, the Lord Chancellor put the question, when the judgment was reversed by a majority of one of the law Lords—three to two. Some of the lay peers wished, in the emergency, to rush to the assistance of the government, but they were restrained by Lord Wharncliffe, who showed them that bad as was the reversal of the judgment, their interference, by voting, would be worse—more damaging to the constitution and to the peerage.

This result came upon every one so unexpectedly—the opinion of the majority of the Judges delivered on the previous Monday against the traversers, having been universally regarded as decisive of the question—that the world could not credit the announcement. The sensation which the news produced in London and the other large towns where it became known, has rarely been equalled in modern days, and when it crossed the channel, and reached Dublin, men could not credit its truth.

The excitement in Dublin when it became known that the House of Lords had reversed the judgment of the Irish court was intense. Great crowds had assembled on Kingstown pier. The packet arrived before five o'clock; some Repeal agents on board, holding up white flags, inscribed "Judgment reversed by the House of Lords—O'Connell is free!" the crowd hurried—the news spread—and cheers re-echoed throughout the city. Mr. O'Connell's rooms in Richmond Penitentiary were at once invaded by a crowd of congratulators. He is said to have borne the intelligence "with the same calmness that it was manifest he would have shown had it been of an opposite nature." The Repeal Association held a special meeting to concert measures for giving eclat to the occasion; and it was resolved to escort Mr. O'Connell from gaol in procession.

The order for the liberation of the traversers reached Dublin on Friday the 6th inst., on the evening of which O'Connell left the prison privately, accompanied by his sons, John and Daniel. The other traversers also left in the course of the day. O'Connell was soon recognized; and as he passed along a crowd collected and followed him; forming a great concourse when they all reached Merriam-square. Having gained his home, he came out into the balcony, and made a short speech; containing little besides an expression of thanks for the tranquillity which the people had maintained during his incarceration. On being dismissed, the crowd quietly dispersed.

LONDON, Sept. 5.

PROROGATION OF PARLIAMENT—THE QUEEN'S SPEECH.

"Ly Lords and Gentlemen—We are commanded by her Majesty, in relieving you from further attendance in Parliament, to express to you the warm acknowledgments of her Majesty for the zeal and assiduity with which you have applied yourselves to the discharge of your public duties during a laborious and protracted session.

"The result has been the completion of many legislative measures calculated to improve the administration of the law and to promote the public welfare.

"Her Majesty has given her cordial assent to the bill which you presented to her Majesty for regulating the issue of bank notes, and for conferring certain privileges upon the Bank of England for a limited period. Her Majesty trusts that these measures will tend to place the pecuniary transactions of the country upon a sounder basis, without imposing any inconvenient restrictions on commercial credit or enterprise.

"We are directed to inform you that her Majesty continues to receive from her Allies, and from all Foreign Powers, assurances of their friendly disposition.

"Her Majesty has recently been engaged in discussions with the Government of the King of the French, on events calculated to interrupt the good understanding and friendly relations between this country and France. You will rejoice to learn, that by the spirit of justice and moderation which has animated the two Governments, this danger has been happily averted.

"Gentlemen of the House of Commons—We are commanded by her Majesty to thank you for the readiness with which you voted the Supplies for the service of the year.

"Her Majesty has observed with the utmost satisfaction, that by the course to which you have steadily adhered in maintaining inviolate the public faith, and inspiring a just confidence in the stability of the national resources, you have been enabled to make a considerable reduction in the annual charge on account of the interest of the National Debt.

"My Lords and Gentlemen—Her Majesty desires us to congratulate you on the improvement which has taken place in the condition of our manufactures

and commerce; and on the prospect that, through the bounty of Divine Providence, we shall enjoy the blessing of an abundant harvest.

"Her Majesty rejoices in the belief, that on your return to your several districts, you will find generally prevailing throughout the country a spirit of loyalty and cheerful obedience to the law.

"Her Majesty is confident that these dispositions, so important to the peaceful development of our resources and to our national strength, will be confirmed and encouraged by your presence and example.

"We are commanded by her Majesty to assure you, that when you shall be called upon to resume the discharge of your Parliamentary functions, you may place entire reliance on the cordial co-operation of her Majesty in your endeavors to improve the social condition and to promote the happiness and contentment of her people."

The commission for Proroguing Parliament was read; and the Lord Chancellor declared Parliament to be prorogued to Thursday the 10th October next.

THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO SCOTLAND.—The Queen and Prince Albert left London on Monday, the 9th instant, for Dundee, in the steam yacht *Prince Albert*, accompanied by the leading members of the Court, where they arrived on Wednesday, and immediately proceeded to Blair Atholl. The Queen received a hearty cheer when she left the Thames, and an equally hearty greeting on her landing in Scotland.

At the entrance of the Castle, the cortege was met by a body of Lord Glenlyon's clansmen, who ran by the side of the carriages up to the grand portico: there, four companies, of forty each, armed in the Highland style, were drawn up; and a pibroch from the pipers sounded a welcome. At the entrance to the mansion the Queen was received by Lady Glenlyon; who was accompanied by the Master of Glenlyon, and Mrs. Home Drummond, her ladyship's mother. Her Majesty appeared much pleased; and addressing a few remarks to Lady Glenlyon, entered the mansion, with Prince Albert. Soon afterwards, the Prince came out into the front of the Castle, and inspected the armed clansmen; and the Queen presented herself at a window.

The guard of honour drawn up at the landing-place at Dundee consisted of the Sixtieth Regiment, or Queen's Royal Rifles. Parties of the Scots Greys were stationed at intervals of six miles along the road, to relieve each other in escorting the carriages. At Blair Atholl, the care of the Sovereign was left to the faithful Highlanders.

ENGLAND AND FRANCE.—It is gratifying to announce that all apprehension of a collision between us and our neighbours is at an end. The Tahiti question has been settled after a fashion; the wounded feelings of the Missionary Consul, Mr. Pritchard, is to be healed by a present of francs, and the French officer who maltreated him is censured, but hardly disgraced. This mode of settling the quarrel is not palatable to many fiery persons on either side of the straits of Dover; but sensible men of both countries will regard it as a practical mode of getting rid of a trumpety quarrel. Louis Philippe, it is now definitively fixed, is to pay a visit to his Royal Sister of England in the beginning of the ensuing month, in company with Guizot, and, it is even said, Marshal Bugeaud.

FRANCE AND MOROCCO.—The war between France and Morocco is at an end. The Sultan has given way, and dreading the power he has provoked, sues for terms. The telegraphic dispatches transmitted by the Prince de Joinville from Tangier on the 10th inst. states that:—

"The Moorish government has demanded peace. The fleet arrived at Tangier this day. The Governor of the town came on board to renew his demand. Our conditions have been signified and accepted, and the treaty signed. During the day the Consulate General has been re-established, and its flag saluted by the town. Orders to cease all hostility, and to leave the island of Mogador, will be dispatched this afternoon."

This intelligence, has been most favourably received in England, as it will prevent any possible chance of a collision between the two countries.

Egypt.—A letter from Alexandria, dated the 8th August, states the result of Mehemet Ali's late escapade, which now appears to have been by no means made for nothing:

"A Council was held at Cairo, on the evening of the 5th instant, of all the Pachas, Beys, and men of influence in the country, to take into consideration the different reasons of complaint his Highness Mehemet Ali had to make against them; and they all acknowledged at once their guilt in not having duly made his Highness cognizant of their acts, and having done things without his authority; and they also represented their readiness to submit to any punishment which his Highness might be pleased to inflict upon them. Mehemet Ali left them to pass judgment on themselves, and withdrew; and the Council came to the determination, at the proposal of Ibrahim Pacha, the President, that he himself (Ibrahim Pacha) should be deprived of one year's salary, and the other members of six months' salary. Mehemet Ali, however, found the award too great, and reduced the punishment to the loss of six months' salary to Ibrahim Pacha, and four months' salary to all the others. After this decision Mehemet Ali seems to have been quite satisfied; and the profit that his Highness will make it has been calculated will amount to upwards of 250,000 dollars. His Highness then sent down instructions to Artin Bey, at Alexandria, to inform the five Consuls-General of his perfect re-establishment in health, his renouncement of going to Mecca, and his determination to direct affairs himself, as hitherto. On the 6th, his Highness ordered his steamer to be in readiness to bring him down to Alexandria; and he is expected to arrive here in the course of this night."

INDIA.—The over-land mail brings intelligence from Bombay to the 31st July, and from Calcutta to the 15th.

The change of Governors-General had not been perfected. Lord Ellenborough had retired from the administration of affairs, and had taken a private house in the suburbs of Calcutta. The Honourable Wilberforce Bird carried on the government *pro tempore*. The Hindostan, with Sir Henry Hardinge on board, arrived at Madras on the 20th July; but he did not land. He was expected to reach Calcutta about the 24th. Lord Ellenborough's removal had elicited some declarations in his favor: the press very generally censured the Company for his recall; the officers of the Army at Calcutta had invited him to a dinner to be given four days after the arrival of his successor; and subscriptions for some testimonial were on foot, one regiment alone having given 1500 rupees.

There had been two military disasters in Upper Scinde. First, another mutiny in the Sixty-fourth Regiment of Native Infantry, notorious for its insubordination some months back in refusing to march to Scinde. The Regiment was stationed at Shikarpore: in consequence of some misunderstanding about promises made by their commanding-officer Colonel Moseley, when the men were to be paid, on the 20th July, they refused to receive their pay—pelting their officers with brickbats. The mutinous act being reported to General Hunter, the officer in command at that place, he sent for another regiment to take

the place of the mutineers; and, assuming the command of the Sixty-fourth, led it to Sukkur, on the way to Delhi; stopping at a place where boats had been prepared to carry them across the river. Here the Thirtieth Regiment and Forster's battery had been placed in ambush ready to fire at a moment's notice. General Hunter now harangued the mutineers on their misconduct, severely censuring the officers, but requiring the ringleaders to be given up. Thirty-nine were surrendered accordingly. Colonel Moseley had been suspended, and Colonel Norton had been appointed to the command in his stead.

The other disaster was the loss of the grass-cutters of the Sixth Irregular Cavalry, about fifty in number, who were employed under an escort, in procuring forage at Khangur, twelve miles from Sukkur. A private letter from an officer gives this account of the affair—

"It seems that the party of Syces and the escort were sent to a much greater distance than was necessary; that the horsemen, after reaching their ground and going to sleep, were alarmed by a pot-shot fired close to them; a single man only was observed; and in place of attacking him at once, they commenced firing with their short carbines. This, however, did not last long; a party of about fifty men well armed, accompanied by a small gun, attacked them in flank; and a second body, about one hundred strong, appeared almost simultaneously and attacked them in rear. The escort, on finding themselves thus between 'the horns of a dilemma,' commenced a sort of *sauve qui peut* devil-take-the-hindmost sort of retreat; left the grass-cutters to their fate; and, rather trusting to their steeds than their swords, they reached camp with the loss of fourteen men. The grass-cutters are believed to have all perished."

Sir Charles Napier had mentioned the occurrence in a very indignant general order; highly blaming the conduct of Captain Mackenzie, the commander of the Irregulars.

Shere Mohammed, the contumacious chief, is said still to be hovering about at the head of some 1,500 horsemen, but is reported willing to come in.

The Punjab was more settled; Heera Singh's successes in the field having consolidated his power.

In Afghanistan, Akbar Khan had attained some successes against the rebellious Afghan chiefs—enough to warrant his triumphant return to Cabul, on his appointment as Vizier; but he was in bad health, or, as some supposed, in a decline; and he appears quite to have relinquished the threatened conquest of Peshawar. The daughter of Yar Mohammed, of Herat, had been betrothed to Mohammed Akbar, and was on her way to Cabul by way of Candahar.

Some troubles were threatened towards the North. Dost Mohammed is said to be apprehensive of an invasion of his territory by the King of Bokhara or the Loondooz Chief, and was preparing to meet it; and again, the Bokara Chief appears apprehensive of a double invasion of his territory, by the Persians from the South and the Russian allies on the North.

The monsoon had been exceedingly favourable; forty inches of rain having fallen at Bombay within three weeks. The drought, however, is said to have spoiled the indigo crop in Bengal.

In Bombay, public attention was drawn to a plan for making a railway to the Thull and Bhore Ghauts, two great passes in the mountains of the neighbouring Concan country, by which all the trade comes to that port. The cost is estimated at 350,000*l.*; and a large number of shares had been taken.

CHINA.—The date of the intelligence from China is the 21st June. Sir Henry Pottinger had left Hong-kong on that day, in the Queen's ship *Driver*; and, stopping at Bombay, he intended to proceed to England by the steamer that was to take the September mail. Mr. Davis, the new Governor, had arrived at Hong-kong on the 7th May. His appointment had given great satisfaction, not only to the British, but, it is said, even to the Imperial Government. He was accompanied out by a troop of official people. The colony was healthy and flourishing; and most of the British merchants had removed thither from Macao.

New negotiations had taken place and were in prospect—

"The Imperial Commissioners Keying," says the *Hong Kong Gazette* of 19th June, "has arrived from the North, empowered to treat with the American and French Ministers. Mr. Davis and Sir Henry Pottinger have both had interviews with Keying at the Bogue; where they proceeded with the *Castor* frigate and the *Spitfire* and *Driver* steam-ships. Keying visited Mr. Davis on board the *Castor*, when he was received with a salute and manned yards. It is said the negotiation with the American and French missions will be at Macao, where his Excellency Mr. Cushing has been residing for a few months. The French Plenipotentiary has not yet reached China, but he is almost daily expected. The precise objects of these missions, and whether they will proceed to the North, is quite unknown. The commercial interests of the United States in China are very great, and the appointment of a special mission at the present juncture has nothing in it extraordinary. French commerce here is a mere trifle."

THE TAHITI QUESTION.—The "Times" announces the settlement of the Tahiti question between England and France—this is the pith of the statement: "M. D'Aubigny has been moved from Tahiti: his conduct has been made the subject of apology, and satisfaction will, we are told, be made to Mr. Pritchard for the ill-treatment he has received. The former officer had been previously censured by his superior, Captain Bruat; and this additional stamp upon him, accompanied with a due measure of satisfaction to the injured person, appears to be a sufficient recognition on the part of the French Government of our charge against D'Aubigny. He is not dismissed the service indeed, and it is not necessary that he should be; so that his Government acknowledges that his acts were unjustifiable, all is done that is required. We do not want to revenge ourselves on an individual, but only to have him distinguished from the nation. The previous conduct of Mr. Pritchard in his post, also weighs with us in considering this notice of M. D'Aubigny's conduct amply sufficient. That Mr. Pritchard had certainly outstepped propriety in the part he took towards the French after their occupation of the island, and had acted more or less as the partisan and fomentor of hostility to them, seems but too probable. And though such a disposition on his part, if it abstained from expressing itself in positive overt acts of hostility, did not render him liable to seizure and deprive him of the privilege of inviolability which surrounds the person of a British Consul, still it was a provocative to violence, and, therefore, must be considered a palliation of it."

The Bank of England has reduced the rate of discount on three months' bills from 4 to 2½ per cent.

Sir Robert Peel has sent a cheque of £1,000 to the committee for promoting public walks in Manchester.

The settlements of Sierra Leone and Cape Coast Castle have been appointed British colonies.

The South Devon shareholders have determined to adopt the atmospheric

principle for working their line when it is completed. The capital of this company is to be reduced to £1,000,000.

THE DONCASTER ST. LEGER.—The Doncaster St. Leger, one of the greatest sporting events of the year, came off on Tuesday. The field was unusually small. Foig-a-Ballagh (*Anglice* "clear the way") was the first, The Cure second, and Princess third. Lord Stanley's horse *Ithuriel* was lame, and did not start.

BYRON'S MONUMENT.—An idle rumour lately found its way into the newspapers, that the superb monument to Lord Byron, by Thorwaldsen, had been lost or much dilapidated in the Custom-house. The report is unfounded; and whatever may be its ultimate destination, the sculpture is perfectly safe in the place where it was originally deposited.

DEATHS OF WELL-KNOWN PERSONS.—Several deaths of persons well known by name or by association, are mentioned in the papers. That of Captain Basil Hall, some time buried from the world in Haslar Asylum, will be regretted by all. Others recently dead are Dr. Gillespie, Professor of Humanity in the University of St. Andrew's, and brother-in-law of Lord Campbell—known for his verse and classical attainments; Mr. Frederick Sugden, eldest son of the Irish Lord Chancellor; and M. Theule, formerly member of the Legislative Assembly, who expired at Paris in his eighty-eighth year.

COST OF THE INSURRECTION IN CANADA.—The real cost of the insurrection in Canada during the Melbourne Whig régime, at last comes out—almost five millions and a half! By a return laid before Parliament on the motion of Mr. Leader, it appears that the total expense of the Army, Navy, Ordnance, and Commissariat services in Canada, for the year 1837, amounted to £189,048; and for subsequent years as follows—

1838.....	£510,248	1841.....	£898,998
1839.....	1,629,070	1842.....	884,898
1840.....	1,313,884	1843.....	806,067

The difference between the expenditure of these years and that of 1837 amounts, with £528,877 difference on account of supplies to the sum £5,437,694.

The Mayor of Liverpool has invited Sir Robert Sale, the hero of Jellalabad to a banquet, on his return from Londonderry to London. A public dinner to this brave man has been suggested.

SURGICAL CURE FOR CONSUMPTION.—A physician, at Darmstadt, has discovered a surgical mode of curing consumption. The seat of the ulceration having been ascertained by means of the stethoscope, the matter is discharged outward by an incision being made in the cavity of the breast, penetrating the lung. The cure is finally effected by medicine injected into the wound by a syringe.

At a meeting held in London on Wednesday, it was resolved to make an atmospheric railway from Portsmouth to London, joining the Croydon line eighteen miles from the metropolis.

The export of flour and wheat from Canada to England has greatly increased this year. To the 9th August last year, 50,000 barrels of flour and 15,000 bushels of wheat were exported; this year, 307,000 barrels of flour and 237,000 bushels of wheat.

The Davenport Independent states that a Mr. Nasmyth has invented an instrument of destruction which will go far to supersede those of Capt. Warner. It is an iron steamer, bomb-proof, which will run stem on to a ship, and leave a hole in her, many feet wide, below the surface. The invention is said to be under the consideration of the Admiralty.

The *Constitutionnel* contradicts the rumour that Abd-el Kader had been taken prisoner by the army of Morocco.

Paris letters of Thursday state, that the Government had arrived at a decision respecting the Polytechnic School, unobjectionable, yet destroying the scholars' power to meddle in any future popular movement. Government propose to remove the establishment out of Paris, and to place it in the environs, but beyond the fortifications; and are in treaty for the chateau of the late M. Laflitte, at Maisons, for the purposes of the institution; which is to be forthwith reorganised and re-established.

CAPTAIN WARNER'S INVENTION.—M. Jobbard, of Brussels, who has devoted much attention to pyrotechnic works, has communicated to the French Government what he states to be the composition of Captain Warner's destructive power—"It consists of a Congreve rocket, made in this way. The head of it is composed of a hollow iron cone of great strength, containing a kilogramme of fulminate of mercury; on which is placed the usual charge of the rocket, of which the body is twice as long as those in general use. He discharges his projectile from a directing tube from the port-hole of the vessel, and on a level with the water, so that his projectile, skimming along the waves, which support a part of its weight, fixes itself in the side of the enemy's vessel; where it bursts when the fire reaches the fulminating powder, and making an immense opening in it, sinks it at once. The proper range of this rocket is only three or four miles: but Captain Warner imagines he can send it five or six by discharging it from a cannon. He does not say he will attain his object in the first attempt, but he will try on until he succeeds."

THE FEES OF HER MAJESTY'S ACCOUCHEURS.—The fee presented to Dr. Locock, first physician accoucheur to the Queen, is, it is understood, upon the birth of a royal infant, £1000. Dr. Ferguson receives £500, and Sir James Clark the same amount. Mrs. Lilly, the Queen's monthly nurse, receives "for the month" £300. This amount is generally swelled to upwards of £600, the extras being derived from the handsome presents the nurse receives from each guest invited to the christening. The wet nurse is said to receive £100 per month for her service, besides the gratifying prospect of some portion of her family being provided for, either in the army or navy, or in some of the public offices.

WAR-OFFICE, September 5.—Coldstream Regt. of Ft. Grds.—Ens. and Lt. J. A. V. Kirkland to be Lt. and Capt. by pur., v. Brand, who ret.; Ens. W. G. Dawkins, from 49th Ft. to be Ens. and Lt. by pur., v. Kirkland. 49th—Ens. J. H. King, from 86th Ft. to be Ens., v. Dawkins. 86th—W. C. Barclay, Gent. to be Ens., by pur., v. King. 87th—Lt. C. W. D. Staveley to be Capt. by pur., v. Lord J. Chichester, who ret.; 2nd Lt. H. G. R. Robinson to be Lt. by pur., v. Staveley; T. Lloyd, Gent. to be 2nd Lt., by pur., v. Robinson. 99th—Lt. T. T. Worsley, from h.-p. 45th Ft., to be Lt., repaying the difference, v. Webster, prom.; Ens. F. B. Pigott to be Lt. by pur., v. Worsley, who ret.; W. F. Austin, Gent. to be Ens., by pur., v. Pigott. Ceylon Rifle Regt.—2nd Lt. W. A. Kelson to be 1st Lt. by pur., v. Layard, whose promotion has been cancelled.

OFFICE OF ORDNANCE, Sept. 10.—Ryl Regt. of Artillery.—Quarterm.-Serg. W. Marvin to be Quarterm., v. Fife, ret. on full pay.

DOMESTIC BLISS—A SKETCH.

How sweet domestic love appears,
When viewed in homeliest dress,
With nought which pride or fashion rears,
To harrow or distress.

Love, undisguised by form or show—
Joy, laughing in each voice—

Form a sweet picture here below
Which makes the heart rejoice.

See, the good-man in that arm chair,
And near, his faithful spouse;
Wisdom seems pleased to worship there,
Peace crowns their humble brows.

Contentment fills their frugal cup,
Mirth finds no barrier near;
Love, Hope, and Faith, seem glad to sup
Their need of comfort here.

Together, many years have dwelt,
This kindly, cheerful pair,
Loving and loved, no joy was felt,
The other did not share.

And wreathing round their bending forms,
New boughs of beauty spread,
To shield them from the blasting storms
Which Age low'rs o'er their head.

Sweet proofs of heavenly love are they,
No care to mar their mirth;
The band of little children play,
Around the jocund hearth.

No selfish fears destroy their peace,
No angry passions gall,
Each seems to seek the other's peace—
Sweet little seraphs all!

For mutual love their young heart warms,
Attends each step so light,
Man-les each cheek with rosy charms,
Kindles their eyes so bright.

One heart seems all the cherubs have,
One home, is all they prize;
One soul, dissolved in rays of love,
Seems laughing in their eyes.

Thus blessed, the parents joyous face,
Shews a foretaste is given,
Of all the innocence, and grace,
And blessedness of heaven!

A DAY ON THE BANKS OF DOON.

Robert Burns, the Scottish poet, died forty-eight years ago. Of his children, three sons survive, men now of course arrived at a mature period of life. The eldest, Robert, who is a person of considerable natural talent and accomplishment—a linguist, a geometer, and, like his father, a poet, though one not reaching the same excellence—is a retired officer of the board of stamps and taxes, Somerset House: he resides in the town of Dumfries, where his father and mother died. The second son, Colonel William Nicol Burns, returned about a twelvemonth ago from India, after an absence of thirty-two years. The third, Major James Glencairn Burns, has for some years lived with his family at Gravesend. The two last belonged to the Indian army, and their services have secured them the means of independence for life. When these two gentlemen visited their native country last summer, it occurred to several kindly-hearted persons that the occasion demanded some public notice. The children of Burns were nearly unknown in a land with which their father's name was indivisibly connected. The comparative neglect with which the great poet had been treated in his lifetime, might yet be in some degree expiated by honours paid to those who, if he had been alive, would have been most dear to him. It was therefore right and fitting that a ceremonial welcome should be given by the people of Scotland to these inheritors of an illustrious name. The justness of these views was acknowledged as soon as they were propounded, and that in so cordial a manner, that it was quickly determined to erect, near Burns's native cot on the banks of Doon, a pavilion calculated for the accommodation of a large company, a field being at the same time set apart for the reception of the multitude not immediately concerned in the proceedings. All proper preparations being accordingly made, the fete took place on the 6th of August.

I left Edinburgh to attend the festival on the preceding evening, accompanied by a large party, amidst whom I had the pleasure of including my esteemed friend Mrs S. C. Hall, besides several other labourers in the field of literature. The rapidity of a railway journey, a fine evening, and the anticipation of the morrow's excitements, conspired to raise our spirits to a high pitch, and to make the time pass with more than its usual speed. Dashing quickly through Glasgow, we were transferred to the Ayr railway amidst a scene of pell-mell confusion which left us nothing for our luggage but a desperate exercise of faith. Just as I was resigning myself in spirit to the mercy of Fortune, a wheel (not hers, but a cart's), which a woman was endeavouring with frantic energy to raise to the top of our carriage, had nearly fallen upon me. However, after great struggles, we attained comfortable seats, and were soon gliding swiftly over the dales of Renfrewshire. A brush through the chimneys of Paisley—a stoppage—another rapid shoot over the country—another village, and another stoppage—a lovely lake, across which the snipes glided slowly and unalarmed away at her approach—and then a passing survey of the milk-producing slopes of Cunningham, brought us far on our journey. And now the sun set behind the hills above Largs, descending through alternate bars of blackness and of gold; and then out we burst upon the low sandy coast of Kyle, with the magnificent serrated outline of Arran walling the opposite side of the Firth of Clyde, the surface of which was only sufficiently ruffled to give life to the glitter which was cast down upon it from the glowing west. A few more stoppages at the little towns upon our way, and we arrived in Ayr about nine o'clock.

It became evident to us, as we wended to our hotel, that the town had got into a state of intense excitement. The streets were all alive with crowds

streaming wildly to and fro. Criers vociferously proclaimed broadsides of the festival. Men were busy here and there adorning triumphal arches with flowers and evergreens. Several shows were in full clang and outcry. Carriages were perpetually driving up to hotel doors in a state of distraction, and then lunging away again. We got into our engaged apartments at the King's Arms in that peculiar state of mind which only recognises an intense fear lest everything should be done in ten minutes. We set to an extensive tea in a frantic haste worthy of a mail-coach stoppage with the first horn already blown; and it was not till all was done and carried off, that we began to think there was perhaps no need for having been in such a hurry, seeing that we had nothing to do till next day. Every one was, however, determined to be very happy. There being a pianoforte in the room, we had a merry strain struck up, and a dance effected by the younger members of the party. Songs, too, were sung, and all the jokes of the earliest part of the journey reviewed, and once more laughed over. Parties who had been in two or three railway carriages told all that had happened them respectively to each other, three or four times over. And every few minutes individuals went out of the room and came in again, totally unable to give an account of themselves. All was glee and abandon, and everybody professed to be quite sure that the next day was to be one of the most brilliant of the season.

From six in the morning, the bustle and excitement of the streets was renewed. Feet tramped measuredly past; bells rang; drums and fifes sounded from unknown remotenesses. But a sad change had come over the weather: there was a strong east wind, with fog, and cloud, and cold. The anxious peeper, on satisfying himself of this state of things, could only rush back to bed overpowered with the gloom of his feelings. By and by, the noise and stir of the streets increasing, it became impossible to lie longer. It was now eight o'clock. Waves of fresh people were every now and then pouring into our street from train and steamer, the gentlemen walking arm in arm very statelyly, the commoners rushing headlong alone, grasping bunchy blue umbrellas in the centre. At intervals a troop would pass, composed of the people of some particular district, or some lodge or society, headed by a flag and a pair of bagpipes or small band. The broad blue bonnet abounded, and there were some specimens of the checked plaid, but not so many as would have been seen in Teviotdale. Pale women, in bombazet gowns and white frills, sat quietly at windows, gazing out at the passing groups. We assembled in the parlour for breakfast, less mirthful than on the preceding night, but still determined to hope the best, notwithstanding that the steel hand of the barometer has sunk half a degree away from the brass one. Things did not look well; but still no one believed that there would be much rain. It might be a dull day, or a few showers; but not a rainy day. The various component portions of the procession were now seen passing towards the place of muster; and still the fresh crowds of corners poured in. The gaiety which brilliant suns give was wanting; but nevertheless there was much animation.

Amidst the bustle we got into a carriage which had been bespoken for us, and with a popular author on the box, another standing on the projecting step at the left side, and an eminent vocalist perched on a similar situation on the right, we were only a few yards from the inn door, when we had to draw up at a side to allow of the passing of 'the procession.' This was a series of bodies more or less public, headed by the magistrates and town councillors, who designed to march in order through the town, and thence to the scene of festivity, three miles off, thus presenting what was now felt to be eminently necessary, a spectacle for the gratification of the assembled multitudes, but a few of whom, it might be readily supposed, were to witness the proceeding in the pavilion. On it came, flanked by thronging masses, and looked on from crowded windows and house-tops—a strange and motley line, chequered with music-bands, and gay with the glory of banners and flags. There were the town officers, with their old-fashioned scarlet coats and odd-shaped halberts. There were the respectably-dressed civic dignitaries. There were the farmers and shepherd's of Ayrshire, the children of those amongst whom Burns was reared—the very class to which he belonged, and therefore realising the material man himself to common apprehension. There were the local lodges of free masons, including the Kilwinning *mother lodge*, so called as being the most ancient in Scotland, and the origin of all the rest; all adorned with their various sashes, aprons, and other insignia; and the sword invariably borne by the weakest and oldest-looking man of the party. One group—the St John's Lodge of Greenock—were dressed in black small clothes and white silk stockings, as men would have been fifty years ago for a ball. Next after the masons came King Crispin's masquerade—first a champion in armour; then a handsome and gaily-dressed British prince on horseback, followed by his attendant; then an Indian prince with bow and arrows also mounted, and duly retinueed; then a very grave personage representing King Crispin himself, walking, huge-crowned, truncheoned, with his robe borne by pages, and followed by a very dignified-looking council. Next after were two other masqueraders, but of a different character—Tam o' Shanter and Souter Johnnie. Next a group of Highland chieftains in proper costume; and after these masons again, and Odd Fellows without number. On it came, stretching fully a mile in length, and every twenty yards of it giving, from brass instruments, fifes, drums, and bagpipes, a different tune—the only exception being 'Free and Accepted Masons' from two contiguous bands at once, but on different keys! Most of the tunes were those of well-known songs of Burns. One—'the Peacock'—a beautiful melancholy air—had an affecting association to my mind, reminding it as that to which the ill-starred poet composed his farewell to the Tarbolton Lodge, on contemplating his escape from the calamities which beset him by a voyage to Jamaica. Last in the procession came the workmen of Messrs Smith of Mauchline, the ingenious manufacturers of wooden boxes from one piece, which are now so universally in use—bearing on a small platform a splendid Scotch thistle, which had been reared at Moss-giel, the farm of Burns—

The rough bur-thistle, spreading wide
Among the braided beard—
I turned the weeder clips aside,
And spared the symbol dear.

The two last lines formed a legend painted above the hardy plant itself—lines never to be pronounced by Scottish tongue unmoved—a burst from the heart which would have given Burns a name with us, though all the rest of his verses had been mere commonplace. And thus worthily closed the procession—a semi-grotesque show to many, but to me otherwise; for I had no doubt that half the men composing it were in some way connected through their fathers with the personal history of the wondrous bard of Kyle, and could tell something new about that history, so strangely composed of the merry and sad. There even might be some who had themselves met the poet in the flesh, and enjoyed his eloquence, or withered under his satire. I may here remark that our party encountered, on this occasion, but one person who had seen Burns—an elderly lady, whose head he had patted as she was playing one day at pall-all with a

companion in front of the house of Mr. Aitken, the friend of the poet, to whom he inscribed his *Cotter's Saturday Night*—the companion being a daughter of Mr. Aitken, with whom Burns was then going to dine. It was something to have even this to say at a time when scores of thousands had come to pay homage to the memory of the great poet.

Ho for the Doon! Roads there were several, but one was set apart for the procession, and forbidden to carriages. We took that nearest to the sea, and soon came in sight of the Brown Hill of Carrick, with its ancient tower of Newark 'boomed high in the tufted trees,' and Greenan erected like a spear on the outmost verge of the cliff overhanging the flood. Dark skies—coldish wind—trees bending to the blast—road-sides full of holiday folk all tending one way. On we go. But now the rain begins to descend, and pity for the white gowns and stockings, and the good summer bonnets. To the left across several fields, we get glimpses of the stir upon the other road, and of the triumphal arches by which it is glorified. Skirls from pipes are heard too in that direction. And now we pass the cottage at Bridgehouse, where the last surviving member of William Burnes's family—his youngest daughter, Isabella—has, by the generosity of her country, obtained a happy, and, I trust, final shelter, with her heroic daughters, from the nipping winds of adversity. We long to see the sister of Burns in a home so fitting in all respects; but the door is closed, and all are away. On, then, by Belleisle and Mount Charles, and along the bank of Doon, to the scene of festivity, which we quickly reach. Here the way-sides were dense with people. Behind us is the natal cot, signalled by a green and flowery arch. Kirk Alloway's yard is dotted with groups of a new kind of worshippers. The trees are laden with boy perchers, half hid in the branches. Every now and then some one tinkles the bell which yet adorns the east end of the deserted house of prayer—realising the character of the place to the unexpected sense. Before us is the beautiful Corinthian monument—and there is worthy Thomas Hamilton who built it. The pavilion—a vast shingle palace, alive with flaunting flags—is farther on to the left. Glimpses of scaffolds and platforms, and teeming crowds, are caught in the direction of the bridge. The rain is now happily ceased, and the people are at their ease again. There is even clear sky, and Phoebus seems as if anxious to break out, that he may see the apotheosis of his favourite son. We here left the carriage, which the regulations would allow us no longer to retain, and sought the beautiful cottage of David Auld, half fearful to intrude where so many must needs be besetting him, yet not quite able to resist the temptation, especially as Mrs. Hall was desirous of seeing the well celebrated in Tam o' Shanter, which is included in the pleasure-ground. In Mr. Auld's vestibule we met the prime personages of the fete coming out from the parlour in which they had assembled, and these, after a few hurried greetings and introductions, we presently accompanied (by invitation) to the scaffold specially erected for them near the pavilion; for the word had been given that the procession was approaching.

The position of this structure at the head of a slope above the old bridge of Doon—the bridge celebrated by Burns—was happily chosen to present the procession in a striking point of view. We had little more than arranged ourselves, when the head of it was seen passing the bridge, beneath a triumphal arch surmounted by the figure of Tam o' Shanter. The Earl of Eglintoune formed the central figure—a handsome nobleman in the prime of life. At his right hand stood Mrs. Begg, the bard's sister, a venerable matron in a black dress. On the left were ranged the three sons of Burns, and beyond them stood Professor Wilson. Mr. R. B. Begg and his two sisters, Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall, Mr. R. Carruthers of Inverness, the writer of this paper, and several others, formed a second row, and behind these again stood the Lord Justice General (Boyle) Mr. Charles Neaves, advocate, and several of the country gentlemen of Ayrshire. It was most interesting to reflect on some of these conjunctions, particularly on that of the earl with Burns's immediate relations, for his lordship's grandfather (then styled Colonel Montgomery of Coltsfield) was the 'sadder Hugh, my warrior stented of Burns, and in his house had lived the humble lass whom the poet has made immortal as Highland Mary. Now the descendants of the peer and the peasant were met on different grounds, the latter being the honoured party. Such meetings of the spirit of aristocracy, even in a country where it is said to be more unbending than in any other in the world, may the cogent spirit of intellect achieve. The sons of Burns are men of middle stature, or slightly under it, with a large share of the peculiar aspect of their father, the eldest having exactly his form of head, while William possesses his dark and expressive eyes, as do also Mrs. Begg and one of her daughters. A trying scene was now awaiting them.

The procession—the procession—it comes—it is on the bridge. Clang goes the music—deeply sounds the bass drum—wave the flags. Higher moves the face-presenting multitude. Already white handkerchiefs are at some eyes. The neglect of a great poet fifty years ago is now—this day—this hour—to be expiated. Here stand the persons who are to be the objects and recipients of a nation's contrition. Can we doubt that the liberated spirit looks on, and is at length appeased? But here they come, and here they pass, one moment's look of eager curiosity mixed with reverence and love being allowed to each—for still the press is behind. Generally there is silence—the genuine language of such feelings—but whenever a band passes, playing a Burns tune, warmer emotions arise, and burst in long sustained cheers. The principal persons on the platform receive the throng uncovered, and the long hair of the noble-looking professor streams like meteor on the gale. Not a man passes unmoved, except the solemn Crispin, who, as becoms royal state, alters not a muscle, nor turns an eye. Thousands have now passed—but still they pour along underneath that flying Tam o' Shanter, and thousands are still behind. The brae in front of us is a mass of gazers. And still distant screams of pipes are heard, and flags are caught far off through openings amongst trees. On they move—mass after mass—music after music—and still the handkerchief is seen at those eyes which sixty years ago beheld nightly the reverential scene in the cotter's home. To have lived to see such a day! At length the left borne thistle with its legend closes the march, while the last band plays 'Scots, wha ha'e wi' Wallace bled.' This was worthy climax, and there was no resisting it. Bosoms swelled, and cheers far beyond all that went before burst forth. The thistle itself coming within reach of the professor, he seized a handful of its flowers, and with manful disregard of its punishing prickles—madly forgetful of its national motto—tugged it away from the stem. These were distributed amongst the persons on the platform. It was now time to move off to the pavilion. But all was not yet over. The crowd now closed upon the front of the platform, and endeavours were made by hundreds of eager men—yea, also women—to get a shake of the hand of a Burns. The gentlemen good-humouredly surrendered themselves to this impulse, and gave evidently the highest possible pleasure to scores of their father's admirers. 'I ha'e a wife and twa wee laddies!' cried one enthusiastic rustic who had got a shake from the major—quoting an affecting poem, in which the bard alludes to his anxiety

for the welfare of his family, then less numerous than it afterwards became. It was in such traits or escapes that I read the real character of this festival—an offering up of a nation's best feelings at the shrine of a name which it can never now think of, without the sense that it belonged to one whose large heart felt for all—the consciousness that that name is now, and ever will be, its glory, as for a time it has been its shame.

The large field of the pavilion was now crowded with the groups which had formed the procession, and with the general multitude, and wild eager enthusiasm pervaded all. We paused not, however, to contemplate this scene, but made our way to the banquet-room, and planted ourselves in a cluster beneath the vice-president's gallery. A vast square room (strictly speaking, 120 feet by 110), having the roof supported by two rows of light pillars, and a gallery at each of the four sides, and having narrow tables with seat-benches placed longitudinally, so that the sitters might all face towards one middle line, had been prepared for this special occasion. By and by the company had all assembled, and quietly taken their places. It was only mortifying to think that there had been no physical possibility of receiving the whole multitude, and that consequently the fete was over to the majority when its most interesting part was only about to begin to the few. About two o'clock the proceedings in the hall commenced by a grace being said by one of the parish clergymen, and the light meal or lunch which had been prepared was then quickly eaten. Let it be observed, however, that the president, the Earl of Eglintoune, had the children and other relations of Burns by his side, besides the Lord Justice General, his own lady, and several gentlemen of local importance; while the vice-president, Mr. Wilson, was flanked by a few individuals of the latter character, and by Mr. Alison, author of the *History of the French Revolution*. It now appeared that, although a considerable number of literary men had been invited from England, only one (Mr. Charles Mackay, author of *Memoirs of Extraordinary Popular Delusions*) had come; besides whom, the only representatives of the English literary class who graced the festival were Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall, and Mr. Douglas Jerrold. Even of the literary men of our own country, a lesser number had come than might have been expected; a fact, however, which the absent may well be presumed to have the greatest cause to regret.

It would be inappropriate here to repeat much of what was said by the various speakers, and what the newspapers have already commemorated so well. But I cannot altogether overlook the speeches. That of the president in proposing the memory of Burns was graceful, and even eloquent, although, at the same time, comparatively short. It has been reported word for word as it was uttered. 'It is only,' his lordship said, 'because I conceive that my official position [lord-lieutenant of Ayrshire] renders me the most formal and fitting, although most inefficient mouthpiece of the inhabitants of this county, that I have ventured to intrude myself before you on this occasion, and to undertake the onerous, although most grateful duty, of proposing in such an assemblage the thrilling toast of the memory of Burns. This is not a meeting for the purpose of recreation and amusement—it is not a banquet in which a certain number of toasts put down on paper are to be received with marks of approbation—it is the enthusiastic desire of a whole people to pay honour to their national poet. It is the spontaneous outpouring of a nation's feeling towards the illustrious dead, and it is also their desire to extend the hand of welcome and friendship to those whom he has left behind. Here, on the very spot where the poet first drew his breath—on the very ground his genius has hallowed—beside the old kirk which his verse has immortalised—beneath the monument which an admiring and repentant people have raised to his memory—here we meet, after the lapse of years, to pay our homage at the shrine of genius.' At the words *repentant people*, the whole of the company sprung up as by a preconcerted arrangement, and shouted their assent to the expression. It was a historical moment of the intensest interest. The earl then proceeded to enumerate some of the men of literary talent who were present, and added—'In short, every town, every district, every class, every sex, and every age, have come forward to pay homage to their poet. The honest lads whom he so praised, and whose greatest boast it is that they belong to the Land of Burns, are here. The fair lasses, whom he so prized and sung, have flocked hither to justify by their loveliness their poet's words; while the descendant of those who dwell in the Castle of Montgomery feels himself only too highly honoured to be permitted to propose the memory of him who wandered, then unknown, along the banks of Ayr.'

'How little did that pious old man, who dwelt in yon humble cottage, when he read the "big ha' Bible"—his lyart haffets now grown thin and bare—how little did he guess that the infant which then prattled on his knee would one day be the pride and admiration of a nation—that he would one day be enrolled a chief among the poetic band—in originality second to none: in the fervent expression of deep feeling, in the keen perception of the beauties of nature, equal to any who have ever revelled in the fairy-land of poetry. Well may we rejoice that Burns is our own—we may well may we rejoice that no other spot can claim to be the birthplace of our Homer, except the spot on which we stand. Oh that he could have foreseen the perpetuity of fame he created to himself! oh that he could have foreseen this day, when the manly and the fair, the poet and the historian, the peer and the peasant, vie with each other in paying their tribute of admiration to the untaught but mighty genius whom we now hail as the first of Scotia's poets! If so, it might have alleviated the dreary hours of his sojourn at Mossgiel. It might have brightened the last dark days of his pilgrimage upon earth. And well does the poet deserve our homage. He who portrayed the *Cotter's Saturday Night* in strains unrivalled in simplicity, and yet in fervid solemnity and truth—he who breathed forth the patriotic words which tell of the glories of a Wallace and a Bruce in language which has immortalised alike the poet and the warrior—he who called inspiration from the humble daisy, and thundered out the heroic words of the song of Death—he who murmured forth in strains the very incarnation of poetry and of love, and yet who could hurl forth the bitterest shafts of satire—a poet by the hand of nature, who, despising, as it were, the rules of art, yet triumphed over the very rules which he set at naught—at whose name every Scottish heart beats high—whose name is a household word in the palace as well as the cottage—of whom should we be proud, to whom should we pay homage, if not to our own immortal Burns!'

The address of Professor Wilson, in proposing a welcome to the sons of Burns, was in the happiest strain of that extraordinary man—perhaps the most brilliantly gifted for such a purpose who lives amongst us. Mr. Wilson is now near sixty, but hale, florid, and vigorous, as when he stepped the first in all manly exercises, or pedestrianised as an ardent-minded youth the mountains and vales of his native land. Time, if it has thinned his hair, has thereby only rendered more remarkable a magnificent head and face, calculated by nature to express the possession of singular mental gifts. The arm uplifted in eloquent gestulation, the eye darting keenly forward under the pent-house brows, are as arresting of

the soul of the listener as ever. The addresses of this bright-minded person are spoken poems, glowing with beautiful description and generous feeling—eccentric slightly in tone, but noble effusions in the main. After some preliminary observations on the occasion of the meeting, and alluding with tenderness to the failings of Burns, he said—"Among those who are regarded as the benefactors of their race, none can deny that Burns is entitled to hold a distinguished place. Even he it was who reconciled poverty to its hard lot—who lightened the burden of care with his music, and even with its charm sometimes reconciled grief to its grave—he who, by the immortal song, has sanctified for ever the poor man's cot, and that by a picture which genius inspired by piety could alone have conceived—a picture how tender and how true! of that happy night in which, by some sweet transition, the working man is prepared for the hallowed day of God—for that day on which a heavenly calm is breathed over the earth, that is nowhere seen so purely as 'mong those who inhabit the hills and dales of our own beloved land. I hold that such sentiments as these afford a justification of the works and of the character of Burns, both moral and intellectual, that places him beyond the possibility of detraction, amongst the very highest orders of human beings who have benefitted their race by expressions of noble sentiment and of glorious thought. Yet I would fain occupy a short time longer, while I say that there is a voice heard above and below, and round about, not the voice of mere admiration, as expressed by men of taste or criticism—a voice which has been heard of old, and which has struck terror to the hearts of tyrants—a voice which it is more delightful to hear in times of peace, for then it is like the sound of distant waters, or the murmur of summer woods, or the noise of the sea which ever rolls even when it rests—I mean the voice of the people of Scotland, the voice of her peasantry and of her trades, the voice of all who earn their bread by the sweat of their brow—the voice of our working men. I shall not pretend to draw their character, but this I will say, that now, as of old, they do not choose to be dictated to in the choice of those names which with them shall be household words—that they are men from whose hands you might easier wrench the weapon than you may wrench the worship from their hearts. They have chosen for their love men of truth, of sincerity, of integrity, of resolution, and of independence; they have loved the open front and the bold eye which fears not to look upon the face of clay. They do not demand from one and the same person inconsistent virtues; they are no lovers of perfection or perfectibility, and they seem to have loved most those who have been subjected to strong and severe temptations, and who, whether triumphant or failing, have struggled manfully in the fight; whose souls have loved their country, and who have had no passion so strong as the good of the people. Could a people like this look upon Burns, and not admire and love him, reverence his virtues, sympathise with his sorrows, and lament over and reverently cover his faults? Why did they love him? Because he loved his order, nor ever desired for one moment to quit it. They loved him because he loved the humblest condition of humanity. They loved him for his independence—an independence which has been absurdly denied, because it was sometimes expressed in not sufficiently courteous phrase. But it should be remembered that he stood up not for his own independence only, but for the independence of the class to which he belonged—an independence which in most periods of history has been insulted by the pride of superior station, and often counted absolutely as a crime. They loved him for the sunshine which he threw upon the most despised of their condition—not by representing the poor man as an object for pity, but by showing that there was something nobler to be found in their ranks than the greatest philosopher ever dreamt of—that greater moral purity, or more devotion, piety, and affection, was nowhere to be found than among the tillers of the soil."

The other speeches of the afternoon were generally well given and well received, and for four hours there was no perceptible relaxation of enjoyment amongst the company. At length the time of parting arrived, and the meeting broke up in as decorous and orderly a manner as it had assembled, not one untoward circumstance of any kind having occurred. Unfortunately, the long suspended rain had now begun to descend, so that the return of the great majority of the banqueters was performed in discomfort. With some little difficulty I got my party of ladies into their coach, and driven back to town, which we found thronged by dabbled strangers of every order, all of whom seemed nevertheless to maintain their good humour, the general feeling being one of thankfulness that the spectacle itself had been effected in fair weather. We spent the evening happily in our room at the King's Arms, and next day returned to Glasgow, fully convinced that Tuesday the 6th of August, 1844, had been by many degrees the most interesting and delightful we had ever known.

BRIDGET PATHLOW.—A TALE.

To work out an honest purpose, in spite of opposition, misfortune, penury, taking no heed of scorn, no heed of ridicule; to say that you who now despise shall yet respect, you who scorn shall yet have benefit; to say these things and do them, is to present human nature in a form which sooner or later must obtain universal sympathy. In this virtue a world of hopes lies hidden, even for the meanest; for, in being honest to ourselves, we create a power of honestly serving others.

In the town of Lincoln there lived some years ago a man of the name of Pathlow, who, having served in the army, had retired at the close of the war upon a small pension. He belonged to what is commonly called a good family, was proud of his relationship, and having dissipated his little patrimony, and made an ill-assorted marriage, had entered the army, not with the desire to serve, but as the only means he had of finding to-day or to-morrow's bread. After many struggles between poverty and pride, debt and disgrace, he settled in Lincoln, when he was some years past middle life. Here the old course was run. Fine houses were taken, fine appearances made; but these, unlike the three degrees of comparison, did rather begin with the largest and end with the smallest; so that, when our tale commences, the fine house, in the finest street, had dwindled into a mean habitation, that could only boast its neighbourhood to the minster, where, shadowed by some antique trees, and within sound of the minster's bell, it was the birthplace of Bridget Pathlow.

There were two brothers several years older than Bridget, born before Pathlow had settled in Lincoln, and on whose education he had spent all available means; for, as he had great promises from great relations, he destined them to be gentlemen. Besides these two, Bridget had another brother, some years younger than herself, who, being born like her during the poverty and ill-fortunes of the parents, was looked upon with no favourable or loving eye.

Whilst the elder brothers were better clad, well taught, inditing pleasant epistles to far-off relations, poor Tom and Bridget Pathlow were the household drudges. To do dirty work, to repel needy creditors, to deny with the prompted

lie, to steal along the streets, and, with the heart's blood in her face, to hear the unpaid tradesmen dishonour her father's name; to sit by the fireless hearth, or by the window to watch her father's return, who, urged for money, would perhaps keep from home whole nights, having first told Bridget that he should not return alive; to watch through those hours of mental pain, and yet in this very loneliness, in these childish years, to have one never failing belief of being by self-help not always so very sorrowful or so despised, surely made this young child no unworthy dweller under the shadow of the olden minster. Tom was not half so resolute as Bridget, nor so capable of endurance.

The elder brothers left home when Bridget and Tom were not more than eleven and eight years old. No love had been fostered between these elder and younger children; yet in the heart of Bridget much love was garnered. Now that they were alone the children were more together, the household drudgery was shared between them, as well as the cares and sorrows of their miserable home, and the stolen play round the minster aisles, where many, who despised the parents, said kind words to the children. Designing her for some humble employment, where the weekly gain of two or three shillings would supply the momentary want, Captain Pathlow (as he was called) denied Bridget any better education than such as was afforded by a school, the weekly fees of which were sixpence; but she had a kind friend in an old glass-stainer, who lived hard by, and another in his son, a blind youth, who was allowed to play upon the minster organ. As a return to this poor youth for some few lessons in organ-playing, Bridget would carry home each evening the key of a little postern door (which a kind prebend had lent him), and by which private access was gained to the cloisters. So often did Bridget carry back that key, that at last, becoming a sort of privileged person, she was allowed to come through the garden, which, shadowed by the cloister walls, lay pleasant before the prebend's quaint study window. The old man, looking up often from his book, and remembering that in Lincoln her father's name was linked to all meanness and disgrace, would wonder to see her push back from the overhanging boughs the ripe apples, or the luscious grapes, untouched, untasted; so, judging from small things, he took to heart that this poor Bridget had a touch of nobleness about her. From this time he observed her more narrowly. Hurrying across the garden, she yet always lingered (particularly if the shadows of evening were low) to look at one piece of wood-carving, which, projecting from the old cloister wall, looked in the waning light like the drooping ivy it mimicked. One night the old man questioned her, and said he should like to be her friend, to have her taught, to serve her.

"I thank you much, sir," said she; "but if—" she stopped abruptly.

"If what, Bridget?"

"If I could sew, or earn—" she stopped again.

"Well," said the old man smiling, "I see you are a good girl, Bridget.

There are, if I remember what my housekeeper said, six Holland shirts to make, which—"

"I will do them. To-morrow night I will come; for I have a purpose to serve which will make me work with a ready finger."

She was gone before the old man could answer. The morrow and the morrow's night saw that poor child plying the quick needle, whilst brother Tom guarded the chamber door, lest a gleam of the candle should betray the solitary and hidden task.

Unknown to Bridget, the worthy prebend made to Captain Pathlow an offer of serving his child. But this offer was repulsed with bitter scorn. "He had rich relations," he said, "who could serve Bridget, without her being a pauper. For the rest, no one had a right to interfere."

Bridget was henceforth forbidden even to quit the house. But the six fine Holland shirts were at length completed, and carried home; Tom returning the happy bearer of a bright shining piece of gold. This was soon laid out. In what? Bridget knew best, for she still worked on by night.

Returning home late one evening, the father observed the gleaming light from the lone garret window, and creeping upon the two children unseen, not only paralysed them with fear, but holding in the candle's flame the diligent work of many weeks, the fruition of that child's earliest desire, that fruit of an honest purpose—no dainty piece of needlework was it, but the drawn image, leaf by leaf, of the curious carving—burnt it to ashes.

"If you can work," he said fiercely, "there are milliners in Lincoln who want errand girls. Ha! ha! two shillings a-week will add ale to our night's meal!"

The girl was only saved from this destiny by the arrival one Saturday, during dinner time, of a very large letter sealed with black, which, being opened, was found to have come from the elder brother, who, stating the death of an uncle, advised that Bridget should be sent immediately upon a speculative visit to the widowed aunt. This was food of a right kind to Pathlow; he began its digestion immediately. "You must say good words for us, Bridget—good words. Hint that a suit of clothes, or a five-pound note, will be acceptable to me, and a new silk gown to your mother; and, in short, anything."

The girl's few miserable clothes were soon packed within one narrow box, a letter written to the guard of the coach, which was to convey her from London into the western provinces, to say that her relation would pay at the end of the journey. Dear Tom parted with a copy on paper of that rare carving, laid secretly on the prebend's reading desk, and on the morrow after the letter came, Bridget saw the last glimpse of Lincoln minster. Her eldest brother—he who had written the letter—lived in London, a gay, apparently rich gentleman, studying, it was said, for a physician, if study he ever did; but as Bridget had been forewarned not to make her appearance at his lodgings during the day, she was forced to stop till night came within the garret chamber assigned to her at the inn where the coach had stayed. With that apology for a trunk—small as it was, it would have held the wardrobes of three Bridgets—mounted on the burly shoulders of a herculean porter, the girl found her brother's home. She had expected to see rich apartments, but none so rich as these, where, surrounded by all the semblance of aristocratic life, her brother lay stretched upon a sofa sipping his wine, and reading the evening paper.

"Well," was his greeting, "you're come;" and then he went on with his paper.

These words fell chill upon the girl's heart; but she knew she was his sister, and she knelt to kiss him.

"Dear Richard, dear brother, I have so counted on this hour. They all send their love; Tom, and Saul, and—"

"There, that'll do. Go and sit down. These things are low; you must forget them all. But, laugh! how you're dressed! Did any one see you as you came in?"

The answer was satisfactory: so the reading went on.

"You must forget these Lincoln people altogether," he said after a while; "you are going to be a lady, and the memory of poverty sits ill upon such. Mind, I warn you to have a still tongue. For the rest, make yourself comfort-

able; say black is black, and white is white. A very good maxim, I assure you, for a dependent."

"Can happiness come from such belief, or future good?" asked Bridget. "Can—"

"There, that'll do; I never discuss points with children. Talk the matter over with the next maid-servant, or reserve it for private meditation when you are upon the top of the coach."

Bridget had little to say after this, and a late hour of that same night found her journeying to the western province, where her widowed relation dwelt. At length, on the second morning after leaving London, she found herself in a country town, in a gay street, standing upon a scrupulously clean step, knocking upon a very bright knocker, not only for her own admittance, but for that of the scantily-freighted box. A demure-looking servant appeared, who, taking in to her mistress the introductory letter which the elder Pathlow had indited, being, as he had said, the fishing-hook whereby to catch the fish, left the Lincoln girl to a full hour's doubt as to whether she should have to retrace her way to Lincoln, or to be received as the poor dependent. It seemed that her unexpected arrival had created much discussion; for loud voices were heard in a neighbouring parlour. The dispute, rising into a storm, was only stayed by Bridget's being ordered into the presence of the bereaved widow, who, being of substantial form, sat in a capacious chair, with a plentiful flow of lawn before her weeping face. She was surrounded by several relatives, each of whom had children to recommend; but wishing to exhibit her power, and triumph over their greedy expectations, she rose, and throwing herself upon the astonished girl's neck, made visible election of a dependent. Foiled in their purpose, the relations disappeared. The widow, like a child pleased with a toy, made for a while much of the poor Lincoln girl: old dresses were remodelled, old bonnets cunningly trimmed, bygone fashions descanted on, till, to crown the whole, the girl wished back her Lincoln rags, rather than walk the streets to be gazed at by every passer-by. In this matter there was no appeal; there never is against dogged self-opinion or selfish cunning. Pleased with having one on whom to wreak a world of spite, the widow soon changed her first show of kindness to taunts, reproaches proportionate to the loneliness and dependence of the child. Months went by without one solitary gleam of happiness, for books or learning were forbidden; added to all this, too, were perpetual secret letters from her home, urging her to send money. But there was no meanness in Bridget; she could endure, but not crave unworthily. Things had gone on thus for a twelvemonth, when one winter's day the widow came back after a week's absence a gay bride, and that same night Bridget was sent back on her way to Lincoln, with five shillings in her pocket over and above the coach hire.

Bridget had a fellow-passenger, who, having travelled far, and being young, and troubled with a child, was much pleased with the thousand little kindnesses that the girl performed, so that before the journey to London was ended, a vast friendship was established between them. They parted with much regret; for, to one like Bridget, so lonely, so destitute of friends, the mere semblance of kindness was a treasure in itself. She had sat some time in the office waiting for the Lincoln coach—not without comfort, for the book-keeper had stirred up the office fire, and, suspecting her scanty purse, had supplied her with a glass of warm ale and a toast—when a pale but respectable-looking man entered, and saying that he was the husband of Bridget's fellow-passenger, had come to offer her the comfort of his home for a day or so, as a return for her kindness to his wife and child. After some little deliberation Bridget accepted the offer, for she dreaded to return home without having written to say that she was coming; so an hour afterwards Bridget sat with the baby on her knee by the side of her fellow-passenger, in a comfortable second floor room in a street leading from Long Acre. Never was such a tea prepared as on this memorable night, never such a hearth, never such a baby, never such a happy young wife, never such a wondering Bridget; for here seemed the visible presence of all riches her heart had ever craved; here, in this working-chamber of a Long Acre herald-painter. Here, too, without wealth, was the power of mind made visible; here, in this chamber of the artisan. A few cheap books nicely arranged, a few prints, rich panelled escutcheons, and cunning tr-cery, that brought to mind old things in Lincoln minster, covered the walls. These things stood out like the broad written words of hope and perseverance.

Bridget had never been so happy. On the morrow a letter was despatched; but the answer was one of bitter reproach, harsh threats. It bore no invitation to return; and when it said that Tom had left Lincoln, Bridget had no desire to do so. The stay of a few days was lengthened into one of months; for when her good friends knew her history—all of it, saving her love of art—they could but pity, which pity ripening into estimation as her character became more known, turned friendship into love. We draw no romantic character, but one of real truth. Bridget was the busiest and cheerfulest; up early, so that the hearth was clean, the breakfast ready, the baby neatly dressed; and this not done for once, but always; so that Bridget became a necessary part of the household in Long Acre. By and by, when she was found to possess an aptitude for drawing, the artisan set busily to work, and by the evening fire paid back, in teaching, her honest service. An upturned cup, a book, a jug, were drawn; and when these were perfect, things of greater difficulty were sketched. Her progress was but slow, yet so perfect, that in a few months' time she was a real help to her master; and when he fell into bad health, and had to work at home, she assisted to bring bread to that poor household. The artisan grew no better, but lingering week by week in a consumption, was each day less able to perform the work which, being of a rare and delicate kind, his master would intrust to no other hand.

One week (the week before he died) a crest of rare device had to be painted on the panels of a rich city merchant's carriage. No hand could execute it like that of the dying man; but his hand was past work, though the mind could still invent; and Bridget, who knew that but for this work being done no bread could come, knelt, and by his bedside earned what was last eaten by that dying man. The work excelled the master's hope; he wondered more when, with that artisan's last breath, he learned the act of mercy, how done, and by whom Bridget reaped good fruit: when she had lost one friend, when his widow and child had left London for the country, the good old master coachmaker took Bridget home into veritable Long Acre itself. He was not rich; but paying Bridget for all her services, she had money wherewith to take new lessons in art—to begin the learning of wood-engraving, in which she afterwards rarely excelled—to lay by four bright gold pounds, as the means of seeing Lincoln once again. They had never written to her from home, never for years; but still her heart clung to those old memories which had encompassed her childhood.

She was now seventeen. It was a bright May morning when she travelled onward to the minster town. How her heart beat audibly when, by the waning evening light, the home even of that miserable childhood was seen again. Lifting the latch, she stole into the house; but no happy voice, no greeting

met her ear; all that was said was, "Well, you're come at last." But by and by, when it was hinted that the larder was empty, and the relic of those four bright pounds were seen, more civil words were heard, which warming into a full tide of kindness, lasted, till the last shilling was spent; then—then laughing her poverty to scorn, she was ordered to travel back to London in the best fashion she could.

The good old prebend was absent from Lincoln; so it was only from poor old blind Saul she could borrow a scanty sum, which sum was the more needful, as she had to travel out of the high road to a little town where her dear brother Tom now lived. He had run away from home soon after Bridget had left, and after many ups and downs in those few years, was now become half clerk half servant in the house of a country attorney. His nature was more passive than that of Bridget, more yielding, less energetic: having been from childhood weak in body, he had scarcely bettered his condition in changing one scene of drudgery for another. In the little parlour of the country inn his long and tale of passive suffering was told to the sister's ear. If she wept, it was but for a moment; then talking cheerfully of what the future should be—how they would work together, how they would be dear friends, how they in London would have one common home, and asking nothing from the world, still pay to it one never-failing debt of cheerfulness and sympathy; how they would do all this they said so many times, that the supper grew cold, and poor feeble Tom laughed outright. They parted that summer's night; there was comfort when Bridget promised that a letter should come soon. She did not even hint the joy that should be in it.

Once more in London, she began that very week to build a home for Tom. By a little help from her Long Acre friends she procured some few pupils, whose parents being ambitious to adorn their parlour walls at the cheapest rate had their children initiated into the mysteries of art at sixpence the lesson. Sixteen lessons a-week made eight shillings—little enough to exist upon; but it yet hired a room and bought bread, and something like the consciousness of independence. At night, too, there were hours to work in—and then the practice of wood-engraving went nimbly on.

In returning home once a week from a distant part of London, Bridget had to pass in an obscure street an old bookstall. She sometimes stopped to look upon it; she always did so when she had seen upon it an old thumbed copy of Bewick's British Birds. In those rare tail-pieces, that never was surpassed, one who knew all the difficulties of the art found infinite delight. She was observed one evening by a gentleman who had come up to the bookstall some minutes after Bridget; like her, too, he was curious in art, and wondered what his young poor clad female could find of interest in one or two small pictured pages, not hastily turned over, but dwelt upon long, minute after minute. He followed, but her light step soon left him far behind: he came again—there she was, on the same day week, with that same old thumbed Bewick. Weeks went by in this manner, till the stall-keeper, remembering her often-seen face, bid her, "buy, or else not touch the books again;" and Bridget, creeping away like one guilty of a misdeed, saw not that the curious gentleman had bought the books, and now followed her with speedy foot. This time he might have found her home, but that, in a street leading into Holborn, some papers fell from the little roll of drawings she carried; he stooped to pick them up—in the moment of glancing at them she was lost to sight.

Now that night-labour had made her somewhat proficient in the art, she tried to get employment; but for weeks without success. Specimens sent in to engravers were returned, letters to publishers unheeded, letters or specimens from Long Acre were of a surety inadmissible. The master who taught her was dead. At last there was pointed out to her an advertisement in one of the daily papers, that engravers upon wood were wanted for the designs of a cheap publication. There was reference to a person of whom Bridget had heard; so, sending first for permission, she was introduced to the advertiser. A subject for illustration was chosen, and a pencil placed in her hand. When the design came out visibly from the paper, the advertiser, shaking his head, said he would consider. This consideration took some weeks; meanwhile a sleepless pillow was that of poor Bridget. At last the answer came; he would employ her, but at a very moderate remuneration. Yet here was hope, clear as the noon day's sun; here was the first bright beaded drop in the cup of the self-helper; here was hope for Tom; here matter for the promised letter. The work done, the remuneration coming in, the fruition came; new yet humble rooms were hired, second-hand furniture bought piece by piece; and it was a proud night when, alone in her still chamber, the poor despised Lincoln girl thanked Heaven for its holy mercy.

The proverb tells us that good fortune is never single-handed. On the morrow—it was a wet and rainy day—Bridget, in passing into Spring Gardens, observed that the stall of a poor lame apple woman had been partly overturned by some rude urchin. She stopped to help the woman, and whilst so doing, a very fat old gentleman came up, and looking, very quietly remarked in a sort of audible whisper to himself, "Curious! very curious! this same very little act of mercy first introduced me to my excellent Tom: ay! ay! Tom's gone; there isn't such another from Eastcheap to Chelsea."

The name of Tom was music to Bridget's ears. The old gentleman had moved away; but following quickly, Bridget addressed him.

"I have a brother, sir, whose name is—"

"Tom," interrupted the old gentleman; "find me my Tom's equal, and I'll say something to you. Here is my address." He thrust a card into Bridget's hand, and went on. Here was a romantic omen of good for Tom.

That same night the letter was indited. Two days after, the country wagon deposited Tom, in the great city. An hour after, he sat by Bridget's hearth.

"This night repays me for all past sorrow," said the sister, as she sat hand in hand by her brother's side. "Years ago, in those lonely nights, something like a dream of this same happy hour would come before me. Indeed it did, dear Tom."

Each thing within those same two narrow rooms had a history; the cuckoo clock itself would have furnished matter for a tale; the six chairs and the one table were prodigies.

On the morrow, Tom, guided by the address, found out the office of the fat old gentleman, who, being a bachelor and an attorney, held pleasant chambers in Clement's Inn. Whether induced by Tom's appearance or his name, we know not, but the old gentleman, after certain inquiries at the coachmaker's in Long Acre, took Tom for his clerk, at the salary of six shillings a-week.

We must now allow weeks to pass by. In the meanwhile Bridget's work increased, though not the money paid for it. Yet out of these same earnings a small sum was laid by, for what our Lincoln girl breathed to no living ear. About this time better work was heard of, but application for it, through the person who employed her, failed: how, she knew not. If I had a friend, she said, I might succeed; and though Richard has passed me in the streets unheeded,

still I will make one last appeal to him. She went, not in rags, but decently attired.

"That you are rich, and above me in circumstances, I know, Richard," she humbly said; "hitherto you have scorned to own one so poor; but as I have never wronged you or your name, you will perhaps say that I am your sister?"

"I made your fortune once," he bitterly answered; "of your honest purposes since then I know nothing. For the rest, it is not convenient for a man in my condition to have pauper friends—you have my answer."

"Brother," she said, as she obeyed the haughty gesture that signaled her to leave the room, "may you regret the words you have so harshly spoken. For the rest, believe me I shall yet succeed, in spite of all this opposition."

The peace of Bridget's home was now broken by weekly letters from Lincoln for loan of money, which applications being successful for a few times, only made the letters more urgent and pressing in their demands.

Some months after Bridget's interview with Richard, there sat one winter's evening in the study of a celebrated author three gentlemen. The one was the author himself, as widely known for his large human loving heart as for the books he had written. He had now been for some days translating a child's story from the German, a sort of spiritual child's book, like the *Story without an End*.

"Were this book illustrated by one who had the same self-helping soul as its author, the same instinctive feeling," said the translator to one of his friends, "it would indeed be priceless. I have sometimes thought none but a woman could catch the simple yet deep maternal feeling that lies in these same pages; but where is—"

"There is a woman capable of this," said one of the friends, turning to the author; "beyond all doubt capable. Look here."

He drew forth from a pocket-book the very papers which two years before Bridget had lost.

"You say true," answered the translator; "but what is this; it seems like the copy of some carved foliage, some—"

"This must be Bridget's," interrupted the other guest, leaning across the table with anxious face (for it was no other than the minster prebend); "I see it is; yes, yes, a copy of the antique carving from the minster wall. Good things have been said in Lincoln of this Bridget, but the father would never tell where she was."

The enthusiastic old gentleman now entered into a long detail of Bridget's youth, which, coupled with the other gentleman's story, left no doubt that the peerer into the thumbed copy of Bewick and the Lincoln girl were one and the same.

Next day anxious inquiries were set on foot respecting Bridget, but without effect. Then weeks went by, and in the meanwhile the German book could find no fit illustrator. But at last the woodcuts in the cheap periodical for which Bridget engraved were remarked upon. The man who had the name of being both the artist and engraver was applied to, and he agreed to furnish the desired illustrations. A few were sent in, surpassing the author's hopes; but a stray leaf, a graceful touch, brought to memory the hand of Bridget. Yet she could not be heard of, though the old Lincoln gentleman was indefatigable in his inquiries.

At length one night the prebend and his friend were returning along the Strand in a westerly direction, when by St. Clement's Daines they observed a very fat old gentleman creeping slowly along the pavement, whilst a diminutive youth kept watch and guard, now right, now left, as either side seemed likely to be jostled by some rude passer-by.

"You shall go no further," at length said the old gentleman, stopping short; "not an inch farther. Go! give my love to your sister, you dog, and say that I have to thank her for introducing to me a second incomparable Tom."

But the boy was so far incomparable, that, being wilful and obstinate, he would see the old gentleman safe within New Inn, which was near at hand; and the friends, waiting outside, stayed till the boy returned, for his voice had brought to the prebend's ear that of Bridget. They followed him into Long Acre, up two pair of stairs, where, lifting the latch, the prebend beheld the same Bridget whom he had known at Lincoln, while his companion recognised, in the same person, her whom he had followed years ago. A good fire burnt upon the hearth, Tom's tea ready, his shoes and his coat by the fire; for the night was wet, and Bridget herself busily at work upon the illustration of the German story. Happy was the meeting between the old man and her he almost thought his child; strange the feelings of the gentleman who had bought the thumbed Bewick, and hoarded those poor drawings. We have not room to tell the joy of that night.

From this hour Bridget had worthy friends. The morrow brought the sister of the one who had remembered Bridget at the bookstall. He was the same rich city merchant who so unknowingly had praised Bridget's first work and act of mercy. When he heard from the worthy coachmaker that story—when he knew from Tom what a sister Bridget was—when the old prebend said so many kindly things, no wonder that admiration ripened into love. By the hand of his sister (who was his housekeeper) all manner of graceful acts were performed, all manner of good fortune offered; but nothing could shake Bridget's self-helping resolves, no promises induce her to quit poor humble trusting Tom: the only help she asked was that of work to be done. The excellent prebend, returning to Lincoln, spoke much of Bridget, which good report of fortune coming to her father's ears, he presently resolved (as his wife was now dead) to make one home serve for himself and Bridget. So coming to London, he was soon comfortable; exacting money, craving for delicacies, not caring how they were to be procured, till their once happy home became one of misery to Tom and Bridget.

Months went by, often during which it was mercy to escape to the home of her kind city friends, even for a few hours. The house that they occupied in summer-time—it was now that season—was situated a few miles from town, and here one evening the rich merchant asked Bridget to be his wife.

"You might live to regret marriage with one so poor as myself, sir," was her answer; "you who could ask the hand of ladies of wealth and beauty."

"Wealth of money, Bridget, but not with thy wealth of soul. Money is an advantage which the many have; but the heroism of self-help in woman is rare, because few are so willing to be self-helpers. It is I who will be made rich in having you. I know that time would prove it. Come, my home must be yours."

Bridget did at last consent, but with a reservation which must be yet a secret. Whatever was its purpose, it was a resolve not to be shaken; but as time wore on, many were the protestations against this resolution. At length, after days and weeks of indefatigable labour, Bridget asked the old prebend and the merchant to meet her at the chambers of Tom's master. They did so. Tom was there as well as the fat old gentleman, the one looking sly because

he knew the secret, the other wonderingly. The old gentleman signed some papers, which an old clerk attested; then Bridget, drawing forth a purse of gold, laid the fees upon the parchment of Tom's indenture as attested clerk.

"This was my reservation, this my secret. As I have now shown myself a humble loving sister of this dear Tom, so I am now willing to become the wife."

A week after, Bridget stood as the wife of the rich city merchant by the altar of Lincoln minster; and dear as the marriage-ring was on that day, was the gift of the old thumbed copy of Bewick's British Birds.

Habits of self-help, like all good things, are enduring. Bridget, as the wife and mother, is still the same, losing no opportunity of self-culture, no power of being the best teacher to her children.

Tom is at this time a quaint bachelor attorney, having succeeded to the snug practice of the fat gentleman. That there exists between him and Bridget a rare and enduring love, we need not make record.

Of the death of the father we need not speak. Over the selfishness, the pride of the elder brother, we will draw a veil, for the memory of good is better than the memory of evil. Bridget had triumph enough in the fruition of honest labour.

THE MAN IN DIFFICULTIES.

BY H. R. ADDISON.

This is a member of perhaps the largest class of bachelors about town. To the uninitiated this assertion may seem strange, but is, nevertheless, strictly true. Half the young men that drive handsome cabs in London, and loiter out of club-room windows, are "men in difficulties," brought on by their own improvidence, or a false position in the world. Thus I have a half-pay officer, living on his eighty pounds a-year, daily perambulating Regent Street, in Parisian primrose kid-gloves, looking out for some wealthy friend or reckless lord to give him a dinner, in which, if he is disappointed, he quietly steps into a cheap eating-house, and obtains the denied meal at the low rate of eightpence or tenpence. After which, dressed in the very pink of fashion, he lolls into the opera-house, having obtained an order from a friendly bookseller, strolls into fat Mrs. Fiddkins' box, and so astounds her by talking of his friends, Lord This, and the Duke of That, that she instantly requests the "honour of his company to a pittry soup." After this, poor H. P. sneaks quietly home to his garret in Bury Street, St. James's, there to dream over the heiresses he has met, and devise the best means of securing one. If, however, he fails in finding a good-natured supper-giver at the opera, he kindly lays hold of some young man, with whom he adjourns to a gambling-house, where the owner is but too happy to afford him a most splendid meal in return for the pigeon he introduces.

Our Half pay is well in outward appearances, dressed fashionably, his direction a rather aristocratic club, his associates (according to his own version) almost all noble. Ready to oblige, and ever prepared to make up for any visitor in default at a dinner-table, no wonder that, after many years of this existence of false show, he ends my espousing some rich old woman, or suddenly gets an inferior appointment in India, and is no more heard of. Some "men in difficulties" have had estates, and wasted them; others have good expectations, on which they must live, for they have nothing else to exist upon. These two classes are the best friends of the Stamp Office in the metropolis. Occasionally getting a remittance, they manage to scrape on by a renewal system of bills and promissory notes. The alderman may live on turtle, and the prisoner on bread; but the individual I am now trying to depict positively lives on paper. Charges on already overburdened estates, and presentations to livings sold half a dozen times over; scraps of entail broken by ingenious lawyers, and the exhibition of rent-roll formerly clear, keep up the credit of him who *once* was rich; while post-obit bonds, purchases of wines, sold ten minutes afterwards, insurances on life, promises of future agencies, and such like deeds, enables the expectant to keep up appearances, till the possessor of the estate dies, when the "man in difficulties" finds himself worse off than ever, takes the benefit of the act, and passes the remainder of his days in a country-town, or starts off for the Continent, and lives upon the wreck of his fortune, and the fame of *what ought to have been* his property. There is to this class a superlative degree, entitled "the man over head and ears in difficulties."

This poor fellow never had much, but, alas! never expected much. I am not going, like some of our popular modern authors, who make us fall in love with highwaymen and pickpockets, to paint this character in such a favourable light as to cause others to wish to imitate him. I will not take upon my conscience the belief that I have tempted a single soul to diverge from the right path, by portraying the character of even a "good fellow" in too glowing terms; but I must do the man I am sketching the justice to say, that hospitality, generosity, and kindness have brought him to his present unenviable position, which, I must confess, I believe he would not change for that of a rich prince without friends, without noble emotions. Our present subject, it is true has ruined himself through his wanton extravagance; but in what has that extravagance consisted? In feeding the hungry, in giving to the poor, and in going security for those whom he thought as honourable as himself. When he had a purse, it was mine, it was yours, it is open to all. Now that he is penniless, his once doating friends spurn him, his acquaintances cut him. But, though "over head and ears in difficulties," his spirits are still buoyant, and he refuses to believe in the treachery of his former favourites, or the general coldness of the world. His thorough good humour and self-satisfied reminiscences rob poverty of half its sting, and almost make a prudent, and consequently a seriously-thinking man, envy him. When arrested, he has enjoyed a drinking-bout with his captor; and, when carried to a "spunging-house," has become the pet of the bailiff's family, from his fund of anecdote and joviality. In the Bench he has been sought out by every one for singing powers. Starvation has stared him in the face; he has laughed at its miseries. Equally ready to be security for a friend's bill, or second to him in a duel, to travel half over the globe to oblige, or share the dread labours of a sick chamber, the reckless prodigal manages to live on with a cheerful countenance, though unable to get credit for a meal, or freedom in a stroll, except on Sunday. When he has a five-pound note, he gives a guinea to some Argus-eyed bailiff to keep out of the way, and spends the rest in a dinner at Stevens's, to which he instantly invites three or four rollicking friends. He might, it is true, marry an old woman with a large fortune, or a vulgar miss with a moderate one. He equally despises both. He is desperately in love with a lovely, but a penniless girl, and would rather (to use his own term) rot in a gaol than give her up. It is a toss-up how this man ends his life. Many of his class die in a prison; many reel home from a debauch, and expire with the taste of wine upon their lips. But there are also many who pull up just in time, and, through the means of some unexpected windfall, reform their habits, and consequently lose their right to be called "gentlemen in difficulties."

MILITARY ANECDOTES.

BRUSSELS ON THE MORNING OF QUATRE BRAS.—The sun rose on a scene of confusion and dismay. The military assembled in the Place Royale; and the difference of individual character might be traced in the respective bearings of the various soldiery. Some were taking a tender, many a last, leave of wives and children. Others, stretched upon the pavement, were listlessly waiting for their comrades to come up; while not a few strove to snatch a few moments of repose, and appeared half insensible to the din of war around them. Wagons were loading, and artillery harnessing; orderlies and aides-de camp rode rapidly through the streets; and in the gloom of early morning the pavement sparkled beneath the iron feet of the cavalry, as they hurried along the causeway to join their respective squadrons, which were now collecting in the Park.

The appearance of the British brigades, as they filed from the Park, and took the road to Soignies, was most imposing. The martial air of the Highland regiments, the bagpipes playing at their head, their tartans fluttering in the breeze, and the early sunbeams flashing from their glittering arms, excited the admiration of the burghers who had assembled to see them march. During the winter and spring, while they had garrisoned Brussels, their excellent conduct and gentle demeanour had endeared them to the inhabitants; and "they were so domesticated in the houses where they were quartered, that it was no uncommon thing to see the Highland soldier taking care of the children or keeping the shop of his host." Regiment after regiment marched off, the organization of all most perfect; the rifles, royals, twenty-eighth, each exhibiting some martial peculiarity, on which the eye of Picton appeared to dwell with pride and pleasure, as they filed off before him. To an indifferent spectator a national distinction was clearly marked; that of the Scotch bespoke a grave and firm determination; while the light step and merry glance of the Irish militiaman told that war was the game he loved, and a first field had no terrors for him.

Eight o'clock pealed from the steeple clocks; all was quiet; the brigades, with their artillery and equipages, were gone, the crash of music was heard no longer, the bustle of preparation had ceased, and an ominous and heart sinking silence succeeded the noise and hurry that ever attends a departure for the field of battle.

MILITARY DRUNKENNESS.—Torquemada had witnessed a most disgraceful scene of riot and confusion on the part of the British. Three immense wine stores were found and plundered; and it was computed, that at one time twelve thousand men were lying in the streets and houses, in a state of helpless intoxication. Nor was the boasted sobriety of the French proof against the temptation these well stored cellars presented. On their subsequent occupation of the town, Souham was obliged to stay his march for twelve hours; for his own corps numbered more drunkards even than that of Lord Wellington had done.

A RETREAT.—The retreat from Burgos was not only remarkable for the sufferings they endured, but also for the insubordination exhibited by the soldiery. The mass of the army became drunkards and marauder. The wine stores in the towns and villages on the line of march were broken into, and despoiled of their contents; and multitudes, through mebrity, either perished or were made prisoners. In Valderoso alone, two hundred and fifty men were found drunk in the cellars, and, of course, they fell into the hands of the French. Drunkenness produced cruelty; and many of the peasantry, hitherto well affected to the allies, perished by the hands of infuriated savages, who seemed reckless whether friend or foe became the victim of their ferocity. Napier says, that on first day's march from Madrid, he reckoned seventeen murdered peasants, either lying on the road or thrown into the ditches.

SACKING OF CIUDAD RODRIGO.—After all resistance had ceased, the usual scene of riot, plunder, and confusion, which by prescriptive right the stormers of a town enjoy, occurred. Every house was entered and despoiled; the spirit stores were forced open; the soldiery got desperately excited; and in the madness of their intoxication committed many acts of silly and wanton violence. All plundered what they could, and in turn they were robbed by their own companions. Brawls and bloodshed resulted; and the same men who, shoulder to shoulder, had won their way over the "imminent deadly beach," fought with demoniac ferocity for some disputed article of plunder. At last, worn out by fatigue, and stupefied with brandy, they sank into brutal insensibility; and on the second day, with few exceptions, rejoined their regiments; the assault and sacking of Rodrigo appearing, in their confused imaginations, rather like some troubled dream, than a desperate and blood-stained reality.

A STORM.—Many a harrowing scream saluted the ear of the passer-by; many a female supplication was heard asking in vain for mercy. How could it be otherwise, when it is remembered that twenty thousand furious and licentious madmen were loosed upon an immense population, among which many of the loveliest women upon earth might be found? All within that devoted city was at the disposal of an infuriated army, over whom, for the time, control was lost, aided by an infamous collection of camp followers, who were, if possible, more sanguinary and pitiless, even than those who had survived the storm!

It is useless to dwell upon a scene from which the heart revolts. Few females in this beautiful town were saved that night from insult. The noblest and the beggar, the nun, and the wife and daughter of the artisan, youth and age, all were involved in general ruin. None were respected, and few, consequently, escaped. The madness of those desperate brigands was variously exhibited; some fired through doors and windows; others at the church bells: many at the wretched inhabitants, as they fled into the streets to escape the bayonets of the savages who were demolishing their property within doors; while some wretches, as if blood had not flowed in sufficient torrents already, shot from the windows their own companions as they staggered on below.

Maxwell.

ANECDOTE OF CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

Mr. Perfect, a surgeon at Hammersmith, sent the statement to the editor of the *Lancet* (Mr. Wakley) in January last:—"It is now thirty years ago, that accidentally passing the Pack Horse, Turnham Green, my attention was attracted by a mob of persons of the lowest order, assembled around the door of that inn, who were very loud in their execrations against some person who was suspected of having murdered his brother; in corroboration of which, I was told that his bones were found near the premises where he formerly resided, upon view of which a jury was then sitting, after an adjournment from the day preceding. I found that two surgeons had been subpoenaed to inspect the remains, and I had no doubt but that every information as to their character had been obtained; curiosity alone, therefore induced me to make way into the room, where I found that the coroner, and, I believe, a double jury, were sitting for the second day, and were engaged in an investigation which tended

to show that a farmer and market-gardener at Sutton-court Farm had, a few years before, a brother living with him, who was engaged on the farm, but whose conduct was dissolute and irregular, to a degree that often provoked the anger of his elder brother, and sometimes begat strife and violence between them; that the temper of the elder brother was as little under control as the conduct of the younger; and, in fine, that they lived very uncomfortably together. One winter's night, when the ground was covered with snow, the younger brother absconded from the house (for they both lived together), by letting himself down from his chamber window; and when he was missed the ensuing morning, his footsteps were clearly tracked in the snow to a considerable distance, nor were there any other footsteps but his own. Time passed on, and after a lapse of some few years no tidings were heard of his retreat, nor perhaps have there ever been since. Some alterations in the grounds surrounding the house having been undertaken by a subsequent tenant (for the elder brother had then left the farm) a skeleton was dug up, and the circumstance appeared so conclusive that one brother had murdered the other, that the popular clamour was raised to the utmost, and a jury empanelled to investigate the case. After listening attentively to these details, I ventured to request of the coroner to be allowed to examine the bones, which I found were contained in a hamper basket at the farther end of the room, and I felt much flattered by his immediate compliance, for he desired the parish beadle, who was in attendance, to place them upon the table; and having myself disposed them in their natural order, I found that they represented a person of short stature, and, from the obliteration of the sutures of the skull, and the worn down state of teeth, must have belonged to an aged person. But what was my surprise when I reconstructed the skeleton, and found the lower bones of the trunk to be those of a female! I immediately communicated the fact to the jury, and requested that the two medical men who had before given their opinions might be sent for, one of whom attended, and without a moment's hesitation corroborated my report. I need not add, that the proceedings were instantly at an end, and an innocent man received the *amende honorable*, in the shape of an apology from all present, in which the coroner heartily joined. It has since been proved, beyond all doubt, that the spot where the bones were found was formerly the site of a large gravel pit, in which the hordes of gipsies not only assembled, but occasionally buried their dead, and, perhaps, more skeletons are yet to be found in that vicinity."

MUTINY AT THE NORE.—Those of our readers who are not old enough to remember of it, must have read of the mutiny on board of the British fleet, at the Nore, in the year 1797. The chief leader, or delegate on the part of the seamen, was Richard Parker, who expiated with his life the part he took on behalf of the seamen. A few months after the mutiny was quelled, and Parker executed, the same gallant body of seamen achieved the victory over the Dutch fleet, on the 11th of October, off Camperdown, under Admiral Duncan, the father of the present Earl of Camperdown. The widow of Richard Parker, whose maiden name is Anne M'Hardy, still survives, and is in Dundee. She came to Scotland in the steamer Dundee, in May last; and has since resided at Braemar, of which she is a native; but is now about to return to London. This remarkable person is near seventy years of age, and blind; and her general appearance is neat and interesting; while her conversation displays that of a person who has walked in the higher ranks of life. She has an English accent, probably acquired from her long residence in that quarter of the kingdom. Her account of her perils on behalf of her husband are at once extraordinary and romantic. Parker, who was bred to the sea, was impressed at Leith, and conveyed on board of a tender. Although she received assurances that he would not be sent off immediately, and that she might have time to proceed to Braemar to get money for his release, she had the mortification to find, on her return, that the ship had left Leith Roads. On the voyage, Parker was so exasperated that he leapt overboard; but was picked up. Shortly after his arrival at Sheerness, the mutiny broke out; and he having taken an active part in it, she was apprehended at Edinburgh, on suspicion of having letters from him which might be of consequence. On her release, she hid to London, where she had an audience of King George the Third, through the medium of the Earl of Morton, at St. James's Palace. Afterwards she journeyed to Sheerness, and was alongside of the Sandwich when her husband was hung up at the yard-arm. Being buried in Sheerness, she devised means, with the assistance of two other women, to have the body dug up during the night, and she conveyed it to Rochester, and thence to London. Here she was again apprehended and brought before the Lord Mayor, for causing a disturbance; but was again released, and she was allowed to get her husband again buried with public honours in Aldgate Churchyard. Her narrative of these events is told in a manner which rivets the attention; and altogether she is a most extraordinary person. She has in her possession letters from the late King William the Fourth and Queen Victoria. Richard Parker was thirty-three years of age at his death. She was married to him when she was twenty-one years of age, and they had three children.

WIT IN CHOOSING TEXTS.—A young preacher, in the time of James I. being appointed to hold forth before the Vice-Chancellor and heads of colleges of Oxford, chose for his text, "What, cannot ye watch one hour?" which carried a personal allusion, as the Vice-Chancellor happened to be one of those heavy-headed persons who cannot attend church without falling asleep. The preacher repeating his text in an emphatic manner, at the end of every division of his discourse, the unfortunate Vice-Chancellor as often awoke, and this happened so often, that at last all present could see the joke. The Vice-Chancellor was nettled at the disturbance he had met with, and the talk it occasioned, that he complained to the Archbishop of Canterbury, who immediately sent for the young man to reprove him for what he had done. In the course of the conference which ensued between the archbishop and the preacher, the latter gave so many proofs of his wit and good sense, that his grace procured him the honour of preaching before the king. Here, also, he had his joke; he gave out his text in these words—"James 1st and 6th, *Waver not*," which of course every body present saw to be a stroke at the indecisive character of the monarch. James, equally quick-sighted, exclaimed, "He is at me already;" but he was upon the whole so well pleased with his clerical wag, as to make him one of his chaplains in ordinary. He afterwards went to Oxford, and preached a farewell sermon on the text, "Sleep on now, and take your rest."

SELF-CONCEIT.—Those who either, from their own engagements and hurry of business, or from indolence, or from conceit and vanity, have neglected looking out of themselves, as far as my experience and observation reach, have from that time not only ceased to advance and improve in their performance, but have gone backward. They may be compared to men who have lived upon their principal till they are reduced to beggary, and left without resources.

Sir J. Reynolds.

Turkey Women.—I was much struck with the elegance of their shapes and the regularity of their features. Their complexion is as fair as that of European women; as they advance in age the sun browns them a little. As to their morals, chastity becomes a necessary virtue, when even a kiss is punished with death by the father or brother of the offender. I could mention several instances of the extreme severity of the Turkman in this respect, but one may suffice. Three brothers, riding through an insulated valley, met their sister receiving the innocent caresses of her lover. By a common impulse they all three discharged their fire-arms upon her, and left their fallen victim on the ground, while the lover escaped unhurt. My host, Mohammed Ali, upon being informed of the murder, sent his servant to bring the body to his tent, that the jackalls might not devour it; and the women were undressing and washing the body to commit it to the grave, when a slight breathing convinced them that the vital spark was not yet extinguished: in short, the girl recovered. She was no sooner out of immediate danger, than one of Ali's sons repaired to the tent of his friends, the three brothers, who sat sullen and silent round the fire, grieving over the loss of their sister. The young man saluted them and said, "I am come to ask you, in my father's name, for the body of your sister; my family wishes to bury her." He had no sooner finished, than the brothers rose crying out, "If she was dead you would not ask for her; you would have taken the body without our permission." Then, seizing their arms, they were hurrying out of the tent in pursuit of the still living victim; but Ali's son opposed their brutal intentions with all the weight of his father's authority, and his own reputation for courage; he swore he would kill the first who should leave the tent; told them that they had sufficiently revenged the injury they had received; and that if their sister was not dead, it was the visible protection of the prophet that had saved her; and thus he at last persuaded them to grant his request. The girl was nursed for three months in Ali's family, and was married after her recovery to the young man who had caused her misfortune.

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THE ANGLO AMERICAN.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1844.

BRITISH POWER IN INDIA.

In order to consider this subject aright, it is proper to consider India and its products in their true lights, namely, as objects of the greatest interest and solicitude from the very earliest known periods, and not only so, but, by inference, as vastly important in periods unknown to the western world. From the moment that individuals or communities come to possess a superfluity above their actual or immediate wants, they desire to exchange that superfluity for some thing that shall minister to their convenience, luxury, or gratification, and to obtain it they will submit to some sacrifice in point of value, seeing that the sacrifice is made from what they can well spare. On the other hand the desired produce can be obtained because the supplies can either obtain an advantageous exchange, or can receive on their side produce which is equally desirable and acceptable to themselves. So it was in the earliest ages of traffic, and India, through the medium of the Arabians, became of immense importance to the early opulence of the world as being the producer of so much which ministered to splendour, to luxury, and to profusion.

If we wish to look into the origin of foreign commerce, and especially of that commerce which has rendered India so important in the eyes of all mankind, we must turn towards Egypt, which undoubtedly first gave rise to it, and the steps of its progress it is by no means difficult to trace. One of the most ancient nations of the world, we cannot seize on the beginnings of its greatness, but at the very first introduction to its acquaintance we find it a powerful, affluent, and much civilized country, revelling in the abundance supplied by its regularly fructifying Nile, able to be the granary of all the nations around, taking from them products which they could well spare, in return for her corn which they much needed; a mother, as it were, to the early world, and stimulating generally industry by supplying general wants. Nearly two thousand years before the Christian Era we find Egypt receiving large supplies of perfumes, spices, and other articles of luxury from the Arabians, as well as other desirable commodities from Ethiopia, Syria, &c. But all these were brought to her market, for she, in those days, had an abhorrence of commerce, and though she was content to buy, she was herself too prosperous to seek.

We may almost say, literally, that in those days Navigation was not, consequently all the early traffic was by land; a glance at a map of the old world would shew us that Arabia was exactly the country to supply the traders to the Egyptian market, and such they consequently became. Arabia itself produced many of the commodities in demand, and, stimulated by successful commerce the Arabians sought out more and more varieties for a market where the demand seemed invariable. Well might this be the case, for, by degrees Egypt became the grand emporium for all the commodities of the East, a taste for which was gradually imbibed by the (then) western world generally. The Arabians, therefore, had recourse to nations to the east of themselves, and particularly to India, which they found could so largely supply, and in so great a variety, the articles which found so ready and profitable a market as that of Egypt. It is known that for a long time the Arabians were able to keep the secret that they had intercourse with the Indian Peninsula, and Arabia itself gained credit for many an imported luxury, for which she was really indebted to that hitherto unknown region. But this could not always be so; wars, commerce, the onward progress of general intercourse, and the consequent advancement of civilization made it known from whence this vast supply of precious commodities were derived, and India became invested with a character of astonishing fertility, and for inexhaustible riches.

But then as now, those who first made a channel of trade were the most

likely to retain it, if not to secure a monopoly. This was the case with the Arabians, who for ages possessed almost the exclusive privilege of being the merchants and carriers between the rich Orient and the western world. In what manner they conducted their commerce it skills little here to enquire, whether down the Red Sea, or down the Persian Gulf and skirting the Indian sea to the shores of that Peninsula, or whether over land in trains called caravans, is immaterial to this enquiry; but we do know that the Indian trade tempted the cupidity of all the commercial people of the West, and that, although they were debarred from proceeding farther than the shores of the Mediterranean, in the prosecution of that lucrative traffic, yet assiduous endeavours were made by several to open different emporia of special monopoly by the Venetians, the Pisans, the Genoese, each of whom embarked princely capitals in the hope of acquiring ultimately the decided superiority in the Great Indian Commerce of the eleventh, twelfth, thirteenth, fourteenth and fifteenth centuries.

During all this time the nations towards the western extremity of Europe had no participation in these highly valued advantages; they were merely the customers, the buyers; and although the spirit of commerce was active enough, after its kind, in Spain, Portugal, France, and the Netherlands, they were placed too far out of range to stand any chance in competition with the states we have previously named, in the so-much-desired trade; and although in course of time a new entrepôt was created, namely, the Isle of Oleron, from whence the northern and other nations were supplied with Indian produce, this gave but small participation in the all-coveted commerce so magnified and so lucrative. Even of this limited share of India trade England was among the last to participate. Situated at the extremest verge of the West of Europe, she seemed to be in a measure cut off from fellowship in the benefits of commerce, more particularly of that commerce which made its "merchants princes and its traffickers the great ones of the earth." Not that she was deficient in the necessary facilities for carrying on a trading intercourse, but her history from the 10th to the 16th century was of that peculiar nature which precludes the notion of that civilising occupation, commerce. Hardly settled under the Saxon rule when she was harassed and put under the yoke of the Dane; hardly recovered from these incursions and predatory expeditions when she was made the prey and the victim of Norman fierceness and insatiable rapacity; hardly become tranquil under the Norman succession ere her fields and her cities became devastated through the most cruel and sanguinary and protracted wars that the annals of nations can present—the Wars of the Roses; what part could England play in the contest for commercial superiority? The general progress of her civilization was rudely retarded, her wealth perished before fire and sword, her people could hardly breathe after one struggle of her nobles, ere they were imperatively called out to another, her nobles were ignorant of all things but arms, and they held in disdain all peaceful occupations, her people—but happily not her government—were credulous and priest-ridden, the slaves of a feudal tyranny, although the strange anomaly existed that the germs of social and political freedom were lying latent within them. The remnants of her warriors had brought from the crusades from time to time certain half understood notions of science and civilization, and the quarrels of her princes and nobles had in some measure made her people sensible of their strength when combined. For the manufacturing of her staple, wool, she was indebted to the industrious Flemings who came and settled within her borders; for her meagre notions of commercial finance she had to thank the Lombard merchants who even yet give a name to the richest street of her capital, and, had her wealth and enterprise been even much more abundant, she was shut out by the Pillars of Hercules, then possessed by strong and jealous hands, from obtruding herself in the Mediterranean, whilst her greatest enemy, France, would have obstructed her commercial intercourse with the Isle of Oleron.

Such was the condition of England, at least with respect to India and her wealthy field, whilst other nations were partaking more or less of the advantages which trade in that direction presented; but, so utterly shut out, she had at least none of those heart-burnings on the subject which affected all who believed themselves possessed of any facilities for carrying it on. She probably bought little from thence, the manners of even her nobles and princes were simple, and their most expensive habits were those in which "Old English hospitality" were chiefly concerned. England possessed not a rood of land beyond the low water mark of her own shores, and at the period of the battle of Bosworth field she presented the condition of a country in which the far greater portion of her nobles were extirpated, and of her landed gentry a large proportion were cut off, through the long and bloody wars of the Rival Houses; the land itself was but partially tilled, the whole nation aghast and exhausted, and but little disposed or able to contemplate foreign adventure whether commercial or warlike. It became the peculiar care and anxiety of the monarch Henry VII., who happily put an end to all this cruel strife, to keep his kingdom in peace and tranquillity as much as possible, to give them a breathing time after such long and cruel labors, and to avoid interference in any adventure which should militate against the repose so necessary to his heart-sunken subjects. Now this was just the period at which the great Columbus was asking aid from European princes to enable him to execute the grand project which was to give to the world another continent. The prudent and parsimonious Henry gave no countenance to the scheme; it interfered with his own line of policy, and it was finally left to Spain to achieve the great work which was to revolutionize so completely the policy, the commerce, the knowledge, and the measures of all the world. Little, at that juncture, did either the English King or his people dream of the mighty empire which should be theirs; still less, if possible, did they dream that in the course of two or three centuries England would sway the destinies of a hundred and fifty millions of people, mostly on the

other side of the globe, and carry civilization, law, and safety where until then had been nothing but rapine, cruelty, injustice, and barbarism.

We have been somewhat particular in these preliminary remarks, as we desire to place the actual commercial and maritime condition of England, at the time of the era of Columbus, in its true light. So far from looking for any monopoly in the new adventures, she was not able to partake in them at all, and perhaps nothing was less thought of than the probability that England would ever become prominent in distant commerce. But the time was at hand which was to change the spirit of all these things, that time will commence our next article on this subject.

NEW DAILY EVENING JOURNAL.—Our respected friends Messrs. Morris and Willis are about to commence an Evening Journal, to be called 'THE EVENING MIRROR,' upon a new plan. It is to be neutral in its politics, devoted rather to literature and general news than to party questions, and will pay attention to a portion of the paper hitherto neglected in this country;—we mean the outside pages. It will not be questioned that these gentlemen bring an abundant talent and zeal to their task, and we therefore entertain a confident hope, and most sincere wish for their success.

. We were, not long ago, shewn a miniature portrait of a very young lady, the daughter of an esteemed friend, which pleased and surprised us, for the fidelity of the likeness and the excellence of the execution. We have since heard that the artist entertains some idea of coming here, from his present residence, with a view to practice the art in which he so greatly distinguishes himself. Should this be so, we are sure that his works will recommend him to patronage and encouragement. The name of this artist is *Mr. William Austin*, a native of the North of Scotland.

The Drama.

PARK THEATRE.—On Monday evening *Mr. Jones'* new Opera, "The Enchanted Horse," was produced for the first time, *Mr. Jones* and *Madame Otto* sustained the principal characters. The Opera was received very favorably.

The libretto of "The Enchanted Horse, or the Eastern Lovers," is founded upon one of the many enchanting stories in the "Arabian Nights' Entertainments," which have furnished rich and gorgeous matter for the Stage.

The opening scene of the Opera is the Court of the King of Persia. His Majesty and all the nobles are rejoicing on their New Year's day, when to their great astonishment an artisan arrives upon a flying horse. He is willing to part with it conditionally, that he receive the hand of the King's daughter in exchange. *Prince Azim*, *Mr. Jones*, is highly indignant at his presumption, and persuades the King, *Mr. Andrews*, to throw the slave into a dungeon while he takes an aerial voyage. The Prince mounts the wonderful horse and ascends into the air—where, according to the story, he is likely to remain while he lives; but at length, accidentally discovering a descending spring, he alights upon a terrace of the Royal Palace in Bengal, where the *Princess Zoyea*, *Madame Otto*, is sleeping. He awakens her, they fall in love, and he persuades her to elope with him on the flying horse. They alight at a country seat of the King of Persia, where the Prince leaves the Princess to prepare his Royal father for her reception. The King of Persia is mourning the loss of his son, when, to his great joy, he arrives and relates his adventures. The artisan is liberated from prison, and ordered never again to show his face in Persia. Smarting under the indignity he has received, he vows vengeance, and accomplishes it by flying to the retreat of the Princess, and bearing her off with him in sight of the whole court. He takes her to Cashmere, and there endeavours to bend her will to his wishes. Her screams bring the Sultan, *Mr. Gann*, who is on a hunting excursion, to her assistance. He liberates her from the slave, but being enamoured of her beauty, keeps her a sorrowful captive in his palace. Here the Prince who has been, like a true knight, searching for her all over the world, arrives disguised as a physician, and engages to cure the deep melancholy into which the Princess has fallen. He hears with pretended astonishment the tale of her arrival on a flying horse, and demands its assistance to aid in her cure. It is brought, and as a matter of course, he and his charmer mount and fly to the Palace of the King of Persia, where there is great rejoicing.

There is an underplot in which *The Cadi*, *Mr. Chippendale*, an amorous old fellow, falls in love with *Zobeida*, *Mrs. Knight*, a young girl betrothed to *Hassan*, *Mr. S. Pearson*. She tells *The Cadi* that she is the daughter of *Norriden*, *Mr. Skerrett*, who is mad enough to believe her, humpbacked, deformed, and ugly. Thus deceived, the *Cadi* sends handsome presents to *Norriden*, who is a tailor, and signs a contract of marriage with his deformed daughter, *Muzza*, *Mr. Fisher*. The *Cadi* is overwhelmed with astonishment at the cheat, which leaves the young lovers *Hassan* and *Zobeida* at peace.

From the above it will be seen that there is ample scope for the exercise of the composer's powers, and when it is considered that it is as difficult to compose an Opera as to write an epic, it cannot but be acknowledged that *Mr. Jones* has evinced both tact and skill. The Opera contains some beautiful passages, of which we may write hereafter. We have now only room to speak of the singers. *Mr. Jones* is in excellent voice; he sings as well as he did ten years ago. He was heartily welcomed back to the boards of Old Drury and had the warm sympathies of the audience in his favor. *Madame Otto* was also warmly welcomed. She possesses a voice of surpassing power, though somewhat hard. The composer, we think, has not been altogether happy in writing for its peculiar quality. The hardness that we have spoken of is most observable in the cadences and roulades, which are extensively introduced. But *Madame Otto* exerted herself as though she felt as great an interest as the composer in the success of the piece, and acquitted herself to the full satisfaction of the audience. *Mr. Andrews*, as the King of Persia, had a bass song to sing

that would have been great from the lips of *Mr. Seguin*, and which was very good from his own. *Mrs. Knight* and *Mr. Pearson* had to their share one of the best pieces in the Opera. We allude to their duet.

Chippendale, *Skerrett*, and *Fisher*, had comic parts in the piece, but the latter overdid his character—a rare fault with so good an actor. *Miss St. Clair* made her debut as a danseuse in the piece. She is very pretty and in time may become as graceful as she is good looking.

The piece is well got up, and the Manager deserves credit for bringing it out in the way he has.

We have to congratulate the management upon the engagement of an actor much wanted in America. *Mr. W. H. Crisp*, who made his first appearance on Monday evening, is a light comedian of great ability. He has played *Jeremy Diddler* in "Raising the Wind," *Robert Macaire* in the piece of that name, and *Dazzle* in "London Assurance," in a manner to delight all lovers of good acting. There has been nothing like it since *Browne* left. He has not all the elegance of the latter, but there is a dashing air, a spirit, and vivacity about him that *Browne* has not. He is a great acquisition. Without him a Comedy could not be played as it ought to be at the Park.

On Monday evening the new Comic Extravaganza called "A Lad in the Wonderful Lamp" will be produced.

BOWERY THEATRE.—"Putnam" and crowded houses as usual.

CHATHAM THEATRE.—*Mr. Barrett* and *Mr. De Bar* have been playing here during the week, and have had full houses.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.—This theatre is now undergoing a thorough cleansing and beautifying prior to its opening, which will be about the middle of the present month.

NIBLO'S GARDEN.—The "Fair One with the Golden Locks" was brought out here in excellent style. It was the last novelty. The garden closes this evening.

Musical and Musical Intelligence.

MR. H. PHILLIPS' MUSICAL SOIREE.—On Monday evening *Mr. H. Phillips* gave his last Musical Soiree, before leaving this city for Boston, at the Society Library rooms. The place was well attended, and musical artists and amateurs, among whom were mixed many of our fashionables, who enjoyed the great treat that his "varied hours" affords, notwithstanding the room is not the most admirably adapted for sound. The pure style, the chaste simplicity of a voice, most musical in itself, were well appreciated. Among the most relished songs of the evening were "The Return of the Admiral," and "The Light of other Days," most feelingly given—"In Herbst muss Mann Trinken," most jovially given—"The Meeting of the Waters," most sweetly given, and a song, "Shall I wastyng in despair," his own composition, the words from a poem of the olden time, most felicitously given.

Mr. Phillips has gone to Boston, where his great musical genius will be fully appreciated.

MR. DEMPSTER'S CONCERTS.—This sweet and charming vocalist has given three concerts at the Society Library rooms during the week. His Scotch songs are very popular. At his first concert "John Anderson my Jo" was called for and sung three times.

MONS. GARREAU.—This very fine violoncellist, we have just learned, will give a grand vocal and instrumental concert on Thursday next, at the Apollo rooms. He is to be assisted by *Antognini* and *Sanquirico* for the vocal part, and *Rapetti*, *Scharfenberg*, and *Aupick*, for the instrumental. From the character we have heard of this artist we think we are safe in expecting a musical treat of the first order.

Cricketer's Chronicle.

RETURN MATCH BETWEEN THE BROOKLYN AND PHILADELPHIA CRICKET CLUBS.

This match was commenced on the ground of the Philadelphia Union Club at Camden, on Wednesday morning last. The weather was remarkably fine, and the men more promptly on the ground than cricketers in this country usually are. Still the time was too much frittered away, and the wickets were not pitched until about half-past ten A. M. Play was called at 11.10 A. M., and *R. Ticknor* and *J. Nichols* of the Philadelphia party were put to the bat. *R. Ticknor* was somewhat unfortunate, by being bowled out by *Rouse* at the last ball of the first over, and having made 2 runs. He was succeeded by the steady and safe *Turner*. *J. Nichols* played a steady and safe game, but he happened to strike a ball up, which was cleverly caught by the bowler, *H. Russell*; 2 wickets, 14 runs. *Dudson* and *Turner* were now in together, and they did not part company until they had run the score up considerably. *Dudson* was at length put out "leg before wicket"; 3 wickets, 47 runs. After him came *John Ticknor*, who remained in to make the score up to 61 for 4 wickets down. Then came *Dr. Lewis*, generally a very safe bat, but he went down before the fine round bowling of *Rouse*; 5 wickets, 68 runs. Then came *O. P. Blackburne*, who batted with great spirit, made two fine three hits, but was prettily caught by *Wilson*, the long-stop; 6 wickets, 84 runs. *Hawthorne* succeeded, who maintained his bat until he had made 18 runs off his own bat, and was cleverly put down by *Smith*; 7 wickets, 126 runs. Then came *Anson*, who strikes well but cannot run fast, he made 10 runs, one of which was a 4, and could he have got better over the ground would probably have showed still better in the score; 8 wickets, 148 runs. *Sanderson* then took the bat, but played somewhat wildly; he made 3 runs however, and then *Hinde* put down his wicket; 9 wickets, 152 runs. The last to fall was *Turner*, who

maintained his bat 2 hours and 48 minutes, made 66 runs, and was finally bowled out by Rouse—10 wickets, 154 runs, in about 4 hours.

The Brooklyn people were exceedingly unfortunate in their first innings, for John Ticknor and Dudson as bowlers were in excellent order. Smith, however, maintained his bat against them and R. Ticknor until he raised his score to 15, the largest of the party; but the accuracy and spirit of the bowlers, together with the weight of 154 runs to play against, somewhat paralysed the efforts of so young a club as that of "The Union Star." The party were put out for 43 runs, being 111 fewer than the score of their antagonists. It being close on sundown it was agreed to commence the second innings of the Brooklyn club early on Thursday morning, in order to allow as much time as possible for the matches between the Philadelphians and the St. George's club of New York. Accordingly at 10 20 on Thursday morning, play was commenced and was maintained vigorously for two hours, in which time the Brooklyn men made the respectable score of 77. Of these Hine made 28 off 43 balls, Rouse 13 runs from 42 balls, and Buckley 13 from 23 balls. But as before Ticknor was in fine bowling, and, as the score will show, he took 7 wickets. Turner also bowled in splendid style, and Rouse of the Brooklyn party was superb. Nichols of the same party is a steady batsman, but he had the misfortune to be run out at the first innings without receiving even one ball, and at the second, when his hand and eye were in fine order, he had to bring his bat out as "the last man" was caught by Anson. The umpires were Mr. Sill for Philadelphia and Mr. Bradshaw for Brooklyn. The following is the score:—

PHILADELPHIA UNION CLUB.

R. Ticknor, b. by Rouse.....	2
J. Nichols, c. Russell, b. by Rouse.....	7
Turner, b. by Rouse.....	66
Dudson, leg before wicket.....	20
J. Ticknor, b. by Russell.....	7
Lewis, b. by Rouse.....	2
O. P. Blackburne, c. Wilson, b. Rouse.....	9
Hawthorne, b. by Smith.....	18
Anson, b. by Russell.....	10
Sanderson, b. by Hine.....	3
Coxhead, not out.....	1
Wide Balls.....	5
No Balls.....	1
Byes.....	3

Total 154

This Score was 34 runs more than both the Innings of the Brooklyn Party.

BROOKLYN UNION STAR CLUB.

FIRST INNINGS.		SECOND INNINGS.	
Smith, b. by Dudson.....	15	b. by J. Ticknor.....	2
E. Hardy, b. by J. Ticknor.....	4	b. by J. Ticknor.....	6
Wild, b. by Dudson.....	4	b. by Turner.....	0
Rouse, b. by J. Ticknor.....	2	b. by J. Ticknor.....	13
Russell, c. J. Ticknor, b. by ditto.....	3	leg before wicket.....	5
Wilson, s. by Turner.....	7	b. by J. Ticknor.....	3
J. Hardy, b. by J. Ticknor.....	0	b. by J. Ticknor.....	0
S. Nichols, run out.....	0	not out.....	4
Hine, not out.....	3	b. by J. Ticknor.....	28
J. Buckley, b. by Dudson.....	1	b. by J. Ticknor.....	13
Phelps, c. Turner, b. J. Ticknor.....	0	c. Anson, b. J. Ticknor.....	1
Byes.....	2	Byes.....	1
Wide Balls.....	2	Wide Balls.....	1
Total.....	43	Total.....	77
		First Innings.....	43
		Total.....	120

RETURN MATCH BETWEEN THE FIRST ELEVEN OF PHILADELPHIA AND ST. GEORGE'S CLUBS

Commenced on Thursday, Oct. 3d. Immediately on the termination of the above described match, preparations were commenced for one which appeared to excite great interest both among cricketers and the citizens of Philadelphia generally. It was the Return Match at which the Philadelphia Unions hoped to recover the laurels which had been lost at New York three weeks before. Play was called at 1 20 P.M., and the Philadelphians were put to the bat, R. Ticknor and R. Waller commencing. The bowlers were Groom and Wheatcroft. R. Ticknor took 10 balls, made 3 runs, and a swift ball from Groom overthrew his wicket; 1 wicket, 10 runs. Turner then went in. Waller played in most beautiful style and held his bat 52 minutes, in which time he made 20 runs, of which there were 2 threes finely struck, but at length Wheatcroft found his stumps; 2 wickets down, 39 runs. At this period a cessation took place for the purpose of refreshment. At 4 P.M. 4 wickets were down for 69 runs. [The conclusion of this match will be given in our next.]

Louis Philippe's Visit.—The Morning Chronicle gives some particulars of Louis Philippe's intended visit to this country—"His Majesty will leave Triépon on the 7th or the 9th, by the evening tide, so as to disembark the following day, before midday, at Southampton, and the same evening to dine at Windsor Castle. The two of his ministers who will accompany King Louis Philippe are, M. Guizot, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, and Admiral Mackau, the Minister of the Marine. His Majesty will also be attended by the Count de Montalivet, the Intendant of the Civil List, by Baron Fain, the Secretary of the King (who is the son of the celebrated Baron Fain, so many years secretary of Napoleon,) and by three general officers and four aides-de-camp. Louis Philippe's stay in England will be very short. He will not be absent from his own kingdom for more than seven days, and it is not his intention to visit London. We understand, likewise that it is his Majesty's wish that the visit should be a strictly private one; so that it is probable few or none will be invited to Windsor Castle during his stay, but the members of the court. The King will hold no court during his stay in England."

JESTS OF DOMITIAN.—Like Nero, whom he resembled in some points, Domitian was capricious in his cruelty. When at the shows which followed the triumphs a tempest of rain came on, he would not allow any one to quit the place and seek shelter. He himself also remained; but he had several cloaks, and changed them as they became wet. Many of the spectators died in consequence of colds and fevers. To console them, he invited them to a public supper, which lasted all through the night. He gave the senate and knights also a curious supper at the same time. The room in which he received them was made perfectly black; the seats were black; by each stood a monumental pillar with the name of the guest on it, and a sepulchral lamp; naked slaves, blackened to resemble spectres, came in and danced a horrid measure around them, and then each seated himself at the feet of a guest; the funeral meats were then brought in black vessels. All sat quaking in silence; Domitian alone spoke, and his discourse was of death. At length he dismissed them; but at the porch, instead of their own attendants, they found strange ones, with chairs and sedans to convey them to their homes. When they were at home, and began to respire freely, word came to each that one was come from the emperor; terror returned, but it was agreeably dispelled by finding that the pillar, which was silver, the supper utensils of valuable materials, and the slave who had played the ghost, were arrived as presents from the palace.

Keightley's Roman Empire.

PARK THEATRE.

MONDAY EVENING, October 7, 1844.—1st night of the Grand Romantic Extravaganza of "A Lad in the Wonderful Lamp."
TUESDAY—Mr. JONES'S Benefit.
WEDNESDAY—3d night of Mr. PLACIDE'S Engagement—"London Assurance," and "Grandfather Whitehead."
THURSDAY—Madame OTTO'S Benefit.
FRIDAY—2d night of the Grand Romantic Extravaganza of "A Lad in the Wonderful Lamp."

GENTLEMEN'S AND LADIES' SUPERFLUOUS CLOTHING.—Gentlemen or families desirous of converting into cash their superfluous or cast-off clothing will obtain from the subscriber the highest Cash Prices.

To families or gentlemen quitting the city or changing residence, having effects of the kind to dispose of, will find it much to their advantage to send for the subscriber, who will attend them at their residence by appointment.

H. LEVETT, Office No. 2 Wall-street, and at 470 Hudson-st.

Orders through the Post-office, or otherwise, will be punctually attended to. [0.5]m.
ALBION NEWSPAPER.—For Sale, a full set of Volumes of the Albion from the commencement of 1833; they are in good order and will be sold at a reasonable rate. Address D. E. at this Office. St. 28-1f.

GREAT BRITAIN AND AMERICA.—LAW AGENCY.—THOMAS WARNER, No. 18 City Hall Place, New York, Attorney and Counselor at Law, Solicitor and Counsel in Chancery, &c. &c., begs to inform his friends and the Public generally, that he has just returned from a business tour through England, Wales and Scotland. That from having been for several years engaged in the practice of the Law in London, and for the past six years similarly engaged in New York, he flatters himself he is fully competent to conduct such Law business in England and parts adjacent, as persons from the Old Country, and their descendants, may wish to be attended to; and with this view, T. W. on his recent journey made arrangements with some of the most eminent Lawyers in various parts of England and Scotland, whereby T. W. has been able to secure the most efficient Agents and Correspondents in those places.

T. W. therefore begs to offer his services to Europeans and others, who may need professional assistance, in relation to any kind of legal business in the Old World, and assures such as may choose to favour him with their patronage, that the most unexceptionable references will be furnished, if required, and every necessary guarantee given that business confided to his care will be attended to, and conducted with industry, skill, and fidelity, and on the most reasonable terms. St. 28-3m.

INFORMATION WANTED.—In June, 1835, ROBERT BREMNER, (a Blacksmith), and MICHAEL BREMNER, (a Baker), both natives of Aberdeenshire, arrived at Quebec from Aberdeen, and the latter—Michael—has not since been heard of by his relations in Scotland. The other brother Robert, from Quebec went to Upper Canada, and from thence to the State of New York, and was, when he last wrote, to his relatives, in May 1837, resident in the City of New York.

If the said Robert and Michael Bremner, or either of them, be alive they are requested to communicate with their brother Peter Bremner, Wellington Bridge, Aberdeen, or with Mr. Johnston, care of Messrs. Strachan & Scott, 31 Broad St., New York; and any person who can give information as to the brothers is requested to communicate as above.

New York, September 28, 1844.

St. 28-3f.

EXHIBITION.

THE END OF THE WORLD.

AN ORIGINAL PAINTING.

OF A VERY LARGE SIZE with Colossal Figures, painted and lately finished by F. Anelli, in New York.

Exhibition now open, at Apollo Rooms, 410 Broadway, from 10 A.M. to 5 P.M., and from 7 to 10 P.M.

Admission 25 cents.

Sp. 31-1m.

GENTLEMEN'S LEFT OFF WARDROBE.—The HIGHEST PRICES can be obtained by Gentlemen or Families who are desirous of converting their left off wearing apparel into cash.

J. LEVINSTYN, 466 Broadway, up stairs.

A line through the Post Office, or otherwise, will receive prompt attention. Sp. 31-1m.

THOMAS H. CHAMBERS,

(Formerly Conductor to Dubois & Stoddart.)

PIANO FORTE MANUFACTURER,

No. 385 BROADWAY,

NEW YORK.

N.B.—All Piano Fortes sold at this Establishment are warranted to stand the action of any climate.

May 11-6m.

BOSTON, PHILADELPHIA, NEW YORK, AND LONDON

WEEKLY PAPERS.

TOGETHER WITH ALL THE NEW PUBLICATIONS,

FOR SALE AT THE EARLIEST MOMENT, AT

THE FRANKLIN DEPOT OF CHEAP PUBLICATIONS,

No. 321 Broadway, next the Hospital. [Ag. 17-2m.]

WILLIAM LAIRD, Florist, 17th Street, 4th Avenue, (Union Square), N.Y., has always on hand, and for sale at moderate prices, Greenhouse plants of all the most esteemed species and varieties; also, hardy Herbaceous Plants, Shrubs, Grape vines, &c. Orders for Fruit and Ornamental Trees, supplied at the lowest rates. Bouquets of choice flowers tastefully put up at all seasons.

N.B.—Experienced Gardeners to lay out and keep in order gardens, prune Grape, &c. Gentlemen supplied with experienced Gardeners, and Gardeners of character with prices. Ap. 20-1f.

TWO AMATEURS ON THE FLUTE.—Mr. Barton, (pupil of the late C. Nicholson,) respectfully begs to announce that it is his intention to give instruction on the Flute. Mr. Barton professes to teach according to the method purified by the celebrated master, Charles Nicholson.

For terms and particulars application may be made at Signor Godone, Music Store, Broadway, and Mr. Stoddart's Pianoforte manufactory. Jan. 20-1f.

APARTMENTS, &c.—Very superior accommodations, with or without board, may be obtained in this city, by applying either at 137 Hudson-st., or at the Office of this Journal. Ag. 24.

J. M. TRIMBLE, Carpenter, Theatre Alley, (between Ann and Beekman streets,) No. 10.

Jobbing of every description executed on the most reasonable terms.

Rooms of every description fitted up Neatly, Speedily, and Reasonably.

May 27-3m.

INTRODUCTION.

Public Notice to the Commercial Interests of New York.

THE UNDERSIGNED, Proprietor of the Marine Telegraph Flags, and Semaphore Signal Book, having supplied above two thousand sets of American vessels, including the Government Vessels of War and Revenue Cutters, informs the Commercial, Mercantile, and Trading Interests of New York, that he is now ready to furnish sets of Telegraph Flags, with Designating Telegraph Numbers, and Signal Books for Ships, Barques, Brigs, Schooners, Sloops, and Steamboats, for Fifteen dollars, complete for conversation.

Having received from the Merchants' Exchange Company, the *gratuitous* use of their building for the purpose of facilitating the operations of his Semaphore Telegraph system of Marine Signals, and in conjunction with Mr. A. A. LEGGET, of the Telegraphs in Wall-street, at the Narrows, and the Highlands, it is contemplated to furnish the several Pilot Boats with sets of the Marine Signals, by which means, the earliest information of vessels' arrivals will be announced from the office, and the Telegraph Numbers displayed at the Merchants' Exchange, as soon as announced from below.

Vessels on approaching the land from Sea, are requested to hoist their Conversation Flag, and show their Telegraph Designating Numbers, and to keep them flying until they have passed the Telegraph Stations below.

Signal Book (a pocket edition) will be furnished each owner of all those vessels in the possession of the Marine Telegraph Flags, *gratuitously*.

Sets of Flags, Designating Numbers, and Signal Books in constant readiness by A. A. Legget, Merchants' Exchange, and by the undersigned, at the Marine Surveyor's Office, 67 Wall-street.

JOHN R. PARKER, Sole Proprietor.

New York, Sept. 1, 1844.

☞ P.S. Ships' and Barques' numbers are displayed with a pendant *above*—Schooners', *below*—Brigs', alone.

Sp. 7.

BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL FOR GENERAL EDUCATION,

422 HOUSTON STREET, NEAR BROADWAY.

REV. R. T. HUDDART, MASTER.

THE Summer Vacation will terminate on Monday, Sept. 2d, at which time the punctual attendance of the Pupils is requested.

A CARD.

Mr. HUDDART takes the present opportunity of informing his friends, and those Parents who may be about selecting a School for their sons, that he will remove in the course of the ensuing winter to Fourteenth-st., within a few doors of Union Square, between University Place and Fifth Avenue, where a building has just been erected for him, which, when completed, will form one of the best arranged and most extensive establishments for Education in the City. The plans, prepared expressly to suit his wishes, will be found to combine every accommodation, convenience, and comfort that can be desired, and such as the experience of more than twelve years has suggested. The situation is probably the most eligible which could have been selected for the purpose, as regards health and facility of access: all the advantages of good instructors and Professors will be available, whilst the benefits of a country residence will be gained by the out-door Athletic Exercises which can be enjoyed in the spacious playground. The Gymnasium, Drill-room for Physical Education, *dances*, &c., will be on a scale suitable to the rest of the Establishment, and such as those who are acquainted with Mr. Huddart's views on this subject, may have full confidence in recommending to their friends.

The Institution is intended chiefly for Boarders, a limited number, however, of Day Scholars and Day Boarders will be received; the latter of whom will be treated in all respects as the regular Boarders, they must remain throughout the day at the School, be subject to the same discipline and control, and be allowed to return home only in the evenings, and then up to a certain age, under the charge of an assistant.

To those parents who are aware of the many difficulties which exist in bringing up boys in the city, and who well know that the Streets are the prolific source from which much baneful influence and example are derived, this plan will no doubt prove acceptable.

TERMS.

For Boarders \$400 per Annum, including every expense, except Music and Oil Painting.

For Boys under ten years of age \$300 per Annum: these have been the terms uniformly charged since the School has been in operation, and will remain the same, except where there are two or more from the one family, in which case a reduction is made. After his removal Mr. Huddart's charge for DAY BOARDERS will be \$50 per quarter of Twelve weeks, which will include the wide course of Instruction taught at the School, together with the accomplishments of French, Spanish, and Vocal Music, but not instrumental Music, Drawing or Oil Painting.

For those under ten years of age \$35 per quarter, with the same advantages.

Day Scholars \$30 per quarter, without any reference to age.
A Prospectus containing full information as to the course of study, system adopted, outfit required for Boarders, and other particulars interesting to Parents may be obtained at any time on application at Mr. Huddart's present residence.

Ag. 24-25.

MCGREGOR HOUSE, UTICA, N.Y.

THIS ESTABLISHMENT situated near the intersection of Whitesboro and Genesee Streets, on the site of the old Burchard place, one of the oldest tavern stands in this section of the State, has lately been opened for the reception of guests, under the supervision of the proprietor, JAMES MCGREGOR.

And it is believed that the accommodations it affords are such as to induce the travelling public, if they desire GOOD FARE, PROMPT ATTENDANCE, and commodious, well lighted, and well ventilated apartments, to make it their home during their stay in the city.

The House and Furniture are entirely new. The building was erected last year, under the immediate direction of the proprietor, who has endeavoured in all its internal arrangements to embrace every modern improvement designed to contribute to the comfort and pleasure of guests. The lodging rooms are spacious and convenient. A considerable part of the House has been apportioned into Parlors with sleeping rooms and closets attached. They are situated in pleasant parts of the House, and in finish and general arrangement are inferior to no apartments of a similar character in any Hotel West of New York.

In each department of Housekeeping the proprietor has secured the services of experienced and competent assistants, and he is confident that in all cases, those who honor him with their patronage will have no reason to leave his House dissatisfied, either with their fare, their rooms, their treatment, or with his Terms.

The "McGregor House" is but a few rods distant from the Depot of the Eastern and Western Rail Roads, and the Northern and Southern Stage Offices. Travellers who desire to remain in the city during the stoppage of the Cars only, can at all times be accommodated with warm Meals. Porters will always be in attendance at the Rail Road Depot and at the Packet Boats to convey *baggage* to the House, free of charge.

☞ Attached to the House are the most commodious Yards and Stables, for the accommodation of those who journey with their own conveyances.

Utica, Nov. 1, 1843.

JAMES MCGREGOR.

(Mar. 9-14.)

NEW YORK AND BOSTON RAILROAD LINE.

VIA NORWICH AND WORCESTER.

DAILY, (Sundays excepted,) at 5 o'clock, P.M., from pier No. 1 North River, foot of Battery Place.

The Steamboat WORCESTER, Capt. J. H. Vanderbilt, will leave every Monday, Wednesday and Friday.

The Steamboat CLEOPATRA, Capt. J. K. Dugan, will leave every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday.

Passengers for Boston will be forwarded by Railroad without change of cars or baggage, immediately on their arrival at Allen's Point.

For further information enquire of D. B. ALLEN, 34 Broadway, (top stairs).

Or of D. HAYWOOD, Freight Agent for this line, at the office on the wharf.

N.B.—All persons are forbidden trusting any one on account of the above boats or owners.

May 11-14.

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S CROTON PEN—A new article, which for elasticity and delicacy of point, surpasses any pen hitherto made by Mr. Gilloitt. It possesses a greater degree of strength than other fine pointed pens, thus making of a more durable character.

The style in which these Pens are put up will prove attractive in all sections of this country, each card having a beautifully engraved view of the following points of the Great Croton Aqueduct.

The Dam at Croton River.

" Aqueduct Bridge at Sing Sing.

" " Harlem River.

View of the Jet at

Fountain in the Park, New York.

" " in Union Park.

The low price at which these Pens are offered, combined with the quality and style must render them the most popular of any offered to the American public.

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S AMERICAN PEN—An entirely new article of Barrel Pen, combining strength, with considerable elasticity, for sale to the trade by

June 8.

HENRY JESSOP, 91 John-st.

M. RADER, 46 Chatham Street, New York, dealer in imported Havana and Principe Segars in all their variety. Leaf Tobacco for Segar Manufacturers, and manufacture.

Ap. 30-1y.

RIALTO, MONTREAL.—Mr. FARQUHAR respectfully announces to the citizens of New York on the eve of visiting Montreal, together with his Canadian Patrons, that he is prepared at all hours to accommodate the travelling public. His viands are of the first quality, his Liquors, Wines, &c., of the premier brands. Mint Juleps, Sherry Cobblers, and every fancy drink on demand. Loosters, Oysters, Turtle, &c., received every Friday per Express line. Mr. F. having been in the business for some years, flatters himself he can meet the wishes of the most fastidious.

Two Billiard Rooms are attached to the Establishment, being the only ones in Montreal. Ag. 2-3m

LET COMMON SENSE HAVE WEIGHT.

A COSTIVE and DYSENTERIC time, with cold, cough and sore throat in Child in some cases Scarlet Fever, and with infants Summer Complaints and Scarlet Ra with Swelling and Tumors of the neck.

In these complaints no remedy can be compared to the **BRANDRETH PILLS**, and it is a solemn duty on the part of parents to their children, that they have recourse to them at once, if given at the commencement, there need be no fear as to the result, and at any period of the disease, there is no medicine which will exercise a more health-restoring power.

In Costiveness, or the opposite disease Dysentery, the dose should be sufficiently large to remove morbid accumulations, and the Pills will have the further good effect to restore healthy secretions in these important organs, and remove the irregular distribution of blood from the head, liver, and other parts; in fact will equalize the circulation, by the abstraction of the impure humors from the system generally.

In affections of the throat and bowels, I cannot too strongly recommend the external use of the **BRANDRETH LINIMENT**, it will materially expedite the cure. There is no outward remedy at all to be compared to this Liniment, which has the effect of taking out inflammation wherever it is applied. In cases of Fever and Ague the **BRANDRETH PILLS** are a never-failing cure, the first dose should be large, sufficient to have a brisk effect, afterwards two Pills night and morning, and drink cold Pennyroyal tea, a cup full, say two or three times a day. The cure is sure.

Remember, the great blessing the **BRANDRETH PILLS** secure to the human body, is **PURE BLOOD**.

When your blood is once pure nothing in the shape of food will hardly come amiss; nothing will sour upon your stomach; you may eat anything in reason; and the greater variety of food the better blood is made. All who have weak stomachs, who are dyspeptic, or in any way affected in body, should without delay resort to **BRANDRETH'S PILLS**—which will indeed strengthen the life principle, and by perseverance with them, entirely renew the whole body; the materials now in it good, will be kept so; those bad, displaced and removed. Good Blood cannot make bad humors or bad flesh. And bear in mind, the **BRANDRETH'S PILLS** surely purify the Blood.

The following case from Col. J. Hughes of Jackson, Ohio, a member of the Ohio Legislature, will no doubt be read with interest by those similarly affected.

Cure of violent periodical pain in the head. A thousand persons can be referred to in this city, who have been cured of a similar affliction.

JACKSON, C.H., Aug. 1, 1844.

Dr. B. Brandreth,—Sir,—That the greatest good may be done to the greatest number, I take pleasure in informing you that for six or seven years prior to 1841 I suffered incessantly with a nervous headache. I applied to the most eminent physicians in Ohio for relief, but received none whatever. I being much prejudiced to all patent medicines, refused to use your Pills; finally my head became increased daily; I as a last resort, and even without faith, bought a box of your Vegetable Universal Pills. On going to bed I took 3 pills, next night 2, next 1; skipped two nights and repeated the dose—I found immediate relief. Two or three times since I have been partially attacked, I again applied to your Pills and all was forthwith well. I cannot speak too highly of your Pills, for nothing relieved me but them. May you live long to enjoy the pleasure it must be to you to know and feel that day unto day and night unto night, you are relieving the pains and diseases of the human family.

Yours truly,

J. HUGHES.

Sold at Dr. Brandreth's Principal Office, 241 Broadway, 274 Bowery, and 241 Hudson-st.; Mrs. Booth, 5 Market-st., Brooklyn; James Wilson, Jersey City; and by one Agent in almost every town in the United States, who have a certificate of Agency. (Ag. 17.)

INDIGESTION

MOST PREVALENT IN WARM WEATHER.

Use Parr's Life Pills where Health is a Desideratum.

IMPORTANT TO FAMILIES.—In no season does the blood and secretions of the human system undergo more striking change than in the fall of the year. If we turn to Nature, the changes in the vegetable world are found to be not only strikingly analogous, but to have a strong influence on the healthy or diseased condition of the body. From the decay of autumn, and the morbid and deathlike state of winter, there springs new life and beauty. The effect of this increased activity in all inanimate matter, as well as on our physical system, renders the use of some simple medicine—especially to those of a slender constitution—of absolute importance. This is the time effectually to assist nature in renewing and strengthening the power of the vital organs. Of these functions, none have a more intimate connection than the stomach and liver. The presence of food in the stomach, and the healthy operation of the digestive powers, furnish the only natural stimulant to the liver. But whenever the coatings of the former become weak and morbid, both the quantity and quality of the secretions are greatly modified; the natural stimulus is diminished—the bile is improperly secreted, and disease of the liver, or chronic affections in one form or another, are almost sure to follow. In this critical condition, to give a healthy tone to the stomach, and to free the blood of its impurities, thereby preventing months, and it may be years, of suffering, **PARR'S LIFE PILLS** are a perfectly gentle and effectual medicine. Its celebrated author was for more than a century not only a close and constant student of the medicinal properties of plants, but of their adaptation to the cure of every class of internal diseases. Although in early life apparently a hopeless invalid, the use of this medicine restored and continued him in health and vigor to the extreme age of 132 years. These Pills are exceedingly mild in their operation, and may be given to children as well as adults with the utmost security. To their superiority in this respect over most of the vegetable medicine in use, thousands are constantly testifying.

The Proprietors have sedulously avoided that system of puffing so generally resorted to, yet their Pills have won a degree of popular favor unexampled in the history of any family medicine. It is now only twelve months since they established their agency in the United States, and the monthly sales are exceeding upwards of ten thousand boxes. They give these as simple facts, wishing the medicine to rest alone on its intrinsic value. No ship going to sea should be without them. Families having once used them will always have a supply.

Sold Retail by all respectable Druggists, and Wholesale by Thomas Roberts & Co., 117 Fulton Street.

Ag. 10.

STATE OF NEW YORK, SECRETARY'S OFFICE.

ALBANY, Aug. 1, 1844.

To the Sheriff of the City and County of New York:—

☞ **SIR**—Notice is hereby given, that at the next General Election, to be held on the Tuesday succeeding the first Monday of November next, the following officers are to be elected, to wit:—

A Governor and Lieutenant-Governor of this State.

Thirty-six Electors of President and Vice-President of the United States.

Four Canal Commissioners.

A Senator for the First Senatorial District, to supply the vacancy which will accrue by the expiration of the term of service of John B. Scott, on the last day of December next.

A Representative in the 29th Congress of the United States, for the Third Congressional District consisting of the 1st, 2d, 3d, 4th and 5th Wards of said City and County; also, a Representative in the said Congress for the Fourth District, consisting of the 6th, 7th, 10th and 13th Wards of the said City and County. Also, a Representative in the said Congress for the Fifth District, consisting of the 8th, 9th and 14th Wards of the said City and County, and also a Representative in the said Congress for the Sixth Congressional District, consisting of the 11th, 12th, 15th, 16th and 17th Wards of said City and County of New York.

Also the following County Officers, to wit: 13 Members of Assembly.

Yours respectfully,

S. YOUNG, Secretary of State.

SHERIFF'S OFFICE, New York, Aug. 5, 1844.

The above is published pursuant to the notice of the Secretary of State and the requirements of the Statute in such case made and provided.

WILLIAM JONES, Sheriff of the City and County of New York. All the public Newspapers in the County will publish the above once in each week until the Election, and then hand in their bills for advertising the same so that they may be laid before the Board of Supervisors and passed for payment.

See Revised Statutes, vol. 1st, Chap. 6th, title 3d, article 3d—part 1st, page 140.

Ag. 17-3m

SANDS'S SARSAPARILLA, FOR THE REMOVAL AND PERMANENT CURE OF ALL DIS- EASES ARISING FROM AN IMPURE STATE OF THE BLOOD, OR HABIT OF THE SYSTEM, NAMELY:

Scrofula, or King's Evil, Rheumatism, Obstinate Cutaneous Eruptions, Pimples, or Pustules on the Face, Blisters, Biles, Chronic Sore Eyes, Ring Worm or Tetter, Scald Head, Enlargement and Pain of the Bones and Joints, Stubborn Ulcers, Syphilitic Symptoms, Sciatica, or Lumbago, and Diseases arising from an Injudicious Use of Mercury, Asclepias, or Dropsy. Also, Chronic Constitutional Disorders will be Removed by this Preparation.

If there be a pleasure on earth which superior beings cannot enjoy, and one which they might almost envy men the possession of it is the power of relieving pain. How consoling, then, is the consciousness of having been the instrument of rescuing thousands from misery to those who possess it. What an amount of suffering has been relieved and what a still greater amount of suffering can be prevented by the use of Sands's Sarsaparilla! The unfortunate victim of hereditary disease, with swollen glands, contracted sinews, and bones half carious, has been restored to health and vigor. The scrofulous patient, covered with ulcers and loathsome to himself and to his attendants, has been made whole. Hundreds of persons, who had groined hopelessly for years under cutaneous and glandular disorders, chronic rheumatism, and many other complaints springing from a derangement of the secretory organs and the circulation, have been raised as it were from the tank of disease, and now with a regenerated constitution, gladly testify to the efficacy of this inestimable preparation.

The following interesting case is presented, and the reader invited to its careful perusal. Comment on such evidence is unnecessary.

New York, July 25, 1844.

Messrs. Sands:—Gents.—I consider it but an act of justice to you to state the following facts in reference to the great benefit I have received in the cure of an obstinate CANCEROUS ULCER on my breast.

I was attended eighteen months by a regular and skilful physician, assisted by the advice and counsel of one of our most able and experienced surgeons, without the least benefit whatever. All the various methods of treating cancer were resorted to: for five weeks in succession my breast was burned with caustic three times a day, and for six it was daily syringed with a weak solution of nitric acid, and the cavity or internal ulcer was so large that it held over an ounce of the solution. The Doctor probed the ulcer and examined the bone, and said the disease was advancing rapidly to the lungs, and if I did not get speedy relief by medicine or an operation the result would be fatal. I was advised to have the breast laid open and the bones examined, but finding no relief from what had been done and feeling that I was rapidly getting worse, I almost despaired of recovery and considered my case nearly hopeless.

Seeing various testimonials and certificates of cure by the use of "SANDS'S SARSAPARILLA," in cases similar to my own, I concluded to try a few bottles, several of which were used, but from the long, deep-seated character of my disease, produced no very decided change; considering this as the only probable cure for my case, I persevered, until the disease was entirely cured. It is now over eleven months since the cure was completed; there is not the slightest appearance of a return. I therefore pronounce myself WELL and the cure entirely effected by "SANDS'S SARSAPARILLA," as I took no other medicine of any kind during the time I was using it, nor have I taken any since. Please excuse this long deferred acknowledgment, which I think it my duty to make. Your valuable Sarsaparilla cured me, with the blessing of Divine Providence, when nothing else could, and I feel myself under lasting obligations to you. I can say many things I cannot write, and I do most respectfully invite ladies afflicted as I have been to call upon me and I will satisfy them fully of the truth as stated above, and many other things in reference to the case.

NANCY J. MILLER,
218 Sullivan-st., next door to the Methodist Church.

The following extract from a letter just come to hand will be read with interest. The writer, Mr. Almy, is a gentleman of the first respectability, justice of the Peace, &c. The patient suffered for years with Fever Sores on his legs, and could find no relief until he used Sands's Sarsaparilla. Mr. Almy, writing at the request and on behalf of the patient, Jonathan Harris, says—

Gentlemen—It has once more become my duty to communicate to you the situation of Mr. Harris, and you may rely upon it I do so with the utmost pleasure. Mr. Harris says that four of his sores are entirely healed up, and the remainder are fast doing so. He further says that he has no pain in the affected limb whatever—that his sleep is of the most refreshing nature, and his health in every respect very much improved—so visible is the change that all who see him exclaim, "what a change!" and earnestly inquire what he has been doing! He has gained in flesh very much, and is able to work at his trade,—which is that of a shoemaker—without any inconvenience. This is the substance of his narrative—but the picture I cannot in any way here do justice to. The manner, the gratitude, the faith, and the exhilarating effect upon his spirits, you can but faintly imagine. He requests me to say he will come and see you as surely as he lives. May God continue to bless your endeavours to alleviate the miseries of the human family, is the fervent prayer of your sincere friend.

Brooklyn, Conn., July 10, 1844.

HUMPHREY ALMY, Justice of the Peace.

Baltimore, June 10, 1844.
Messrs. Sands:—Gents.—Most cheerfully do I add to the numerous testimonials of your life preservative Sarsaparilla. I was attacked in the year 1839 with a scrofulous affection on my upper lip, and continuing upward, taking hold of my nose and surrounding parts until the passages for conveying tears from the eyes to the nose were destroyed, which caused an unceasing flow of tears. It also affected my gums causing a discharge very unpleasant, and my teeth became so loose that it would not have been a hard task to pull them out with a slight jerk—such were my feelings and sufferings at this time that I was rendered perfectly miserable. I consulted the first physicians in the city, but with little benefit. Every thing I heard of was tried, but all proved of no service, and as a last resort was recommended a change of air; but this like other remedies, did no good: the disease continued gradually to increase until my whole body was affected. But, thanks to humanity, my physician recommended your preparation of Sarsaparilla. I procured from your agent in this city, Dr. James A. Reed, six bottles, and in less than three months was restored to health and happiness. Your Sarsaparilla alone effected the cure, and with a desire that the afflicted may no longer suffer, but use the right medicine and be free from disease, with feelings of joy and gratitude, I remain your friend.

DANIEL MCCONNIKAN.

Any one desirous to know further particulars will find me at my residence in Front-st., where it will afford me pleasure to communicate anything in relation to this cure.

DANIEL MCCONNIKAN.

Personally appeared before me the above-named Daniel McConnikan, and made oath of the facts contained in the foregoing statement.

JOHN CLOUD,
Justice of the Peace of the City of Baltimore.

Gallatin, Tenn., Feb. 27, 1844.

Messrs. A. B. & D. Sands.—Gents.—I have just received a letter from my father in Russellville, Ky., who wishes to purchase some of your Sarsaparilla. I have no doubt he can be the means of doing a great deal, as it has performed a wonderful cure in his family. Last December I was sent for to see my sister before she died, she having been in poor health for some two or three years, and at the time I went over to see her, she was at the point of death with the scarlet fever, and a cancerous affection of the bowels, from which her physician thought she could not possibly recover. I carried over with me a bottle of your Sarsaparilla, and with the consent of her physician she commenced taking it that night. I remained with her three days, and left her rapidly improving. Her husband sent a boy home with me for more of the Sarsaparilla. I sent one dozen bottles which I believe will effect an entire cure. My father writes me to that effect, and wishes through me to procure an agency for selling your valuable medicine to that neighbourhood.

Respectfully,
J. M. OWENS.

Prepared and sold at wholesale and retail, and for exportation, by A. B. & D. Sands, Wholesale Druggists, No. 79 Fulton-st., 273 Broadway, and 77 East Broadway, N. York. Sold also by John Holland & Co., Montreal, John Musson, Quebec, J. W. Brent, Kingston, T. Brickle, Hamilton, S. T. Urquhart, Toronto, Canada, Agents for the Proprietors by special appointment.

Price \$1 per bottle, six bottles for \$5.

The public are respectfully requested to remember that it is Sand's Sarsaparilla that has and is constantly achieving such remarkable cures of the most difficult class of diseases to which the human frame is subject, and ask for Sand's Sarsaparilla, and take no other.

Ag.3.

WELLMAN, WEBSTER AND NORTON,
COMMISSION AND FORWARDING MERCHANTS,
No. 75 Camp-street, New Orleans.

L. J. Webster, A. L. Norton, H. B. Wellman.
Reference—G. Merle, Esq., Wilson & Brown, and Lee Dater & Miller, N. Y.
Aug. 26-4f.

DOCTOR BRANDRETH'S ADDRESS TO THE PUBLIC.

THERE are in the world medicines adapted to the cure of diseases of every form and every symptom. And when men follow the instinct of their natures, they use BRANDRETH'S PILLS for the cure of their maladies. And those who have done so have not had cause for repentance with reference thereto. These Pills are, indeed, quietly becoming the reliable medicine of mankind; for all who use them in accordance with the printed directions, find so much benefit individually, that they recommend them to all such of their friends that may not at the time be enjoying good health. These universally celebrated Pills take out of the body all diseased, decayed, or unhealthy particles; they eradicate everything from the human body contrary to its healthy condition. No matter of how long duration the complaint may have been, there is every chance of recovery when the Pills are commenced with, and it is utterly impossible for them to injure; nearly a century's use has proved them innocent as bread, yet all powerful for the removal of disease, whether chronic or recent, infectious or otherwise. We have an account to settle with ourselves as regards the pleasures and pains of life. It is soon stated. Suppose you are highly favoured by nature, having a sound mind in a sound body, the lot of but few. You cannot but be affected when you observe so much suffering from bodily infirmity around you: which neither riches nor the palliative prescriptions of physicians are able to obviate. Even the best health is insecure unless a certain remedy can be used when the first advances of sickness comes on. If then you would avoid this state of things, and you are anxious to secure your own health, your judgment, and a long vigorous old age, take BRANDRETH'S PILLS; with them you can never err; and you will avoid all the miseries of an infirm, ailing existence. Let every one whose health is not perfect take them daily for one month; instead of weakening you, you will find all your faculties of mind and body improved: all kinds of food will give you pleasure, and none whatever will disagree with you. Your digestion will proceed smoothly and pleasantly, your stomach will not require the assistance of wine, bitters, or drams; in fact, you will soon learn these things are injurious. The reason it is easy to explain: Digestion is effected solely by the solvent power of the bile. This bile is made by, and secreted from the blood. It is produced by the same operation from the blood as is the growth of the body, or any part thereof, as the bones, the hair, the eye, or the nails. By the use of Brandreth's Pills you expel out of the body those corrupt humours which impede digestion, and cramp nature in all her operations. Those humours which produce Cancer, Rheumatism, Consumption, Piles, and, in fact, all the long catalogue of diseases to which humanity is subject, but which are reducible to one, IMPURITY OF BLOOD. Custom has designated the name of the disease by the place upon which the impurity of the blood settles, or deposits itself; thus, upon the lungs, Consumption, upon the muscles, Rheumatism; it upon the skin, Erysipelas and Leprosy; upon the knee, a White Swelling; and wherever pain is felt, or any feeling in any part of the contrary to health, there the impurity of the blood is endeavoring to establish its evil influence. So in Costiveness it is occasioned by the impurity of the blood, which has become seated upon the muscles of the bowels, and which prevents the proper action of the bile to produce the daily evacuation of morbid deposits. But all these effects of impure blood are cured or prevented by the use of BRANDRETH'S PILLS. In a word, they will give the power and vigor to the human constitution it was intended to have by nature, and which it possessed before the absurd notions of the great advantages of Tonic or bracing, and mineral medicines were acted upon. Instead of finding your digestive powers and strength diminish, as you will be told by doctors and other interested persons, you will find your strength and digestion daily improve, and all the energies of your mind and body more lively and vigorous. You will soon perceive that you are every day adding to your well-being by the simple operation of evacuating from your body the noxious humours of the blood, the source of all the pain and misery experienced in the human body. Such is the benign operation of Brandreth's Pills, that they only take out of the body what is hurtful to it, thus producing its purification and its perfect health.

The Brandreth Pills are the best medicine for families and schools. No medicine is so well adapted for the occasional sickness of children. By having them in the house, and giving them when the first symptoms show themselves, the sickness will be the affair of only a few hours; and in scarlet fever, measles, and worms, there is no medicine so safe and so sure to cure. It is all that should be used, or ought to be used. I speak as a father, and from experience.

Ladies should use Brandreth's Pills frequently. They will insure them from severe sickness of the stomach, and generally speaking, entirely prevent it. The Brandreth Pills are harmless. They increase the powers of life—they do not depress them. Females will find them to secure that state of health which every mother wishes to enjoy. In costiveness, so often prevalent at an interesting period, the Brandreth Pills are a safe and effectual remedy.

There is no medicine so safe as this; it is more easy than castor oil, and is now generally used by numerous ladies during their confinement, to the exclusion of all other purgatives; and the Pills, being composed entirely of herbs or vegetable matter, purify the blood, and carry off the corrupt humours of the body, in a manner so simple as to give every day ease and pleasure.

Man will be born to-day or bliss, compared to what has hitherto been his lot, weighed down as he has been by disease, infirmities, and suffering, which no earthly power knew how to alleviate until this discovery was presented to the world. The weak, the feeble, the infirm, the nervous, the delicate, are in a few days strengthened by their operation, and the worst complaints are removed by perseverance, without the expense of a physician. Adapted to all circumstances and situations, they are the best medicine ever invented for families, or to take to sea, preventing scurvy and costiveness, requiring no change of diet, particular regimen, or care against taking colds.

THE BRANDRETH PILLS are sold at 25 cents per box, with full directions, at one store in every town in the United States. Let all who purchase enquire for the certificate, on which are fac similes of the labels on the box, it like the Pills, they are genuine—if not, not. There has yet been, I believe, no counterfeit of the new labels, and it is to be hoped there will not, for it is impossible to imagine a greater crime than that of making money by the miseries of mankind.

The public servant,
Principal Brandrethian Office, 241 Broadway, New York. The retail offices are 241 Hudson-street and 274 Bowery. Mrs. Booth is the Agent in Brooklyn, No. 5 Market-st., and J. Wilson, Main-street, Jersey City. Parker, Broad-street, Newark. Price 25 cts., with full directions in English, French, Spanish, Portuguese, and German.

Observe the Red Printing on the Top and Bottom Label. On every Box of Genuine Brandreth Pills, BENJAMIN BRANDRETH'S PILLS is printed over Two Hundred times in Red Ink. Remember to see to this, and you will not be deceived with Counterfeit Pills. [Sept. 21.]

THE RAILROAD HOTEL, 86th St., 4th Avenue, Yorkville.—THOMAS F. LENNOX late of the Chatham Theatre, respectfully announces to his friends his new location in Yorkville. The Cars stop hourly on weekdays and half hourly on Sundays.

This Establishment will be found one of the most suitable and convenient stopping places en route to the AQUEDUCT,—that greatest of modern scientific achievements,—and which is within two minutes walk of the R. R. Hotel.

Liquors, Wines, &c., of a superior quality, are constantly on hand; also, Oysters, Cakes, Ice Cream, and every delicacy of the Season.

Private Rooms for Parties.

An excellent Quoit Ground is attached to the House, together with other Amusements.

OLD LINE OF LIVERPOOL PACKETS.

THE Old Line of Packets for Liverpool will hereafter be despatched in the following order, excepting that when the sailing day falls on Sunday, the ship will sail on the succeeding day, viz:—

Ships.	Masters.	Days of Sailing from New York	Days of Sailing from Liverpool
Cambridge,	W. C. Barstow,	June 1, Oct. 1, Feb. 1	July 16, Nov. 16, Mar. 16
England,	S. Bartlett,	June 16, Oct. 16, Feb. 16	Aug. 1, Dec. 1, April 1
Oxford,	J. Rathbone,	July 1, Nov. 1, Mar. 1	Aug. 16, Dec. 16, April 16
Montezuma, (new)	A. W. Lowber,	July 16, Nov. 16, Mar. 16	Sept. 1, Jan. 1, May 1
Europe,	A. G. Furber,	Aug. 1, Dec. 1, April 1	Sept. 16, Jan. 16, May 16
New York,	Thos. B. Cropper,	Aug. 16, Dec. 16, April 16	Oct. 1, Feb. 1, June 1
Columbus,	G. A. Cole,	Sept. 1, Jan. 1, May 1	Oct. 16, Feb. 16, June 16
Yorkshire, (new)	D. G. Bailey,	Sept. 16, Jan. 16, May 16	Nov. 1, Mar. 1, July 1

These ships are not surpassed in point of elegance or comfort in their cabin accommodations, or in their fast sailing qualities, by any vessels in the trade.

The commanders are well known as men of character and experience; and the strictest attention will always be paid to promote the comfort and convenience of passengers.

Punctuality as regards the days of sailing, will be observed as heretofore.

The price of passage outwards, is now fixed at \$100, for which ample stores of every description will be provided, with the exception of wines and liquors, which will be furnished by the stewards if required.

Neither the captains or the owners of these ships will be responsible for any letters parcels or packages sent by them, unless regular bills of lading are signed therefor.

For freight or passage, apply to

Feb. 3.

GOODHUE & Co., 64 South-street, or
C. H. MARSHALL, 38 Burling-slip, N. Y.,
and to BARRING, BROTHERS & Co., Liverpool